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From Beginning

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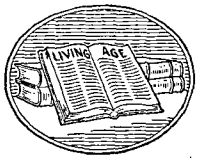

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MARCH 1, 1919

THE DOCUMENTARY HISTORY OF THE GERMAN REVOLUTION

MANY points about the making of the German revolution are left obscure by the accounts hitherto published in this country. It is, however, possible to reconstruct its history from the official and other documents which have been published from time to time in the German press. This we propose to do, and as the documents are themselves of great historical interest and importance, we shall quote them in full.

The first act or prelude in the revolution was the naval mutiny at Kiel on November 5. It spread to Bavaria on November 7, and broke out in the capital of the Empire on November 9. It is probable that Saturday, November 9, was deliberately chosen beforehand to recall the Russian revolution of the previous year. It is still uncertain to what extent the revolution was prepared and concerted; it was, however, certainly not wholly spontaneous. The only statement which we have is one by the Majority Party to the effect that their leaders were *for several weeks* in close consultation with the factory workers — a significant fact when it is remembered that the revolution was actually accomplished through a general strike of factory workers. The truth seems to be that the Majority Party (and probably many of the leading Minority or Independent Socialists) were, even as late as November 6, opposed to any revolutionary action, but as the military situation became more desperate, they attempted to compromise by insisting upon such drastic steps as the abdication of the Kaiser. On November 4 and 6, the Majority paper *Vorwärts* was urgently appealing to the workers and warning them against agitators, flysheets, Bolshevism, and 'Russian conditions,' or, in one word, revolution. Then, suddenly, the Socialist papers began to demand the Kaiser's abdication. Even on the morning of Friday, November 8, the Socialist Ministers, Ebert and Scheidemann, seem to have thought it possible that the revolution might be staved off by the Kaiser's resignation, and they issued the following ultimatum to Prince Max's Government:

Announcement of an Ultimatum to the Bourgeois Government Issued by the Socialist Majority Party, Expiring at Mid-day on Friday, November 8, Demanding the Kaiser's Abdication.

Peace is assured — in a few hours the armistice will have begun. Only let there now be no thoughtless acts, such as would

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cause the bloodshed which has ended at the front to reappear again at home. The Social Democratic Party is exerting all its power to get your demands fulfilled as quickly as may be!

Therefore, the Executive of the Social Democratic Party and the Social Democratic Parliamentary Party have put the following final demands to the Imperial Chancellor:

(1) Permission to hold the meetings forbidden to-day.

(2) Instructions for extreme caution to police and military.

(3) Abdication of the Kaiser and Crown Prince by Friday mid-day.

(4) Strengthening of the Social Democratic element in the Government.

(5) Conversion of the Prussian Ministry to conform to the programme of the Majority Parties of the Reichstag.

If no satisfactory answer is given by Friday mid-day, then the Social Democrats will resign from the Government.

Expect further news from us in the course of Friday afternoon.

THE EXECUTIVES OF THE SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC PARTY AND OF THE SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC PARLIAMENTARY PARTY.

This ultimatum was to expire on Friday mid-day; as a matter of fact, the time was extended until Friday midnight. But in the interval events moved with great rapidity; and when, in the 'early hour' of Saturday morning, the Kaiser at last consented to retire into Holland, it was no longer merely a question of the resignation of Socialist Ministers but of revolution. On Saturday morning many workers struck work spontaneously, and at 1 P.M. the following flysheet, calling a general strike, was issued from the offices of *Vorwärts:*

Notice, Calling the General Strike, Published in an Extra Edition of Vorwärts, at 1 O'Clock on Saturday, November 9.

GENERAL STRIKE.

The Workers' and Soldiers' Council of Berlin has decided to call the General Strike. All factories are to stop. The necessary feeding of the population will continue. A large part of the garrison has put itself at the disposal of the Workers' and Soldiers' Council in units armed with machine guns and rifles. The movement is to be led jointly by the Social Democratic Party of Germany and the Independent Party of Germany. Workers and soldiers! See to it that quiet and order are maintained! Long live the Socialist Republic!

THE WORKERS AND SOLDIERS' COUNCIL.

A few hours were sufficient for accomplishing 'the bloodless revolution,' and in the afternoon motor cars dashed through Berlin with the following notice announcing the success of the revolution:

Flysheet Issued in Berlin on the Afternoon of Saturday, November 9, Announcing the Success of the Revolution.

WORKERS, SOLDIERS, FELLOW CITIZENS!

The Free State has come!

Emperor and Crown Prince have abdicated!

Fritz Ebert, the Chairman of the Social Democratic Party, has become Imperial Chancellor and is forming in the Empire and in Prussia a new government of men who have the confidence of the working population in town and country, of the workers, and of the soldiers. Herewith public power has passed into the hands of the people. A National Assembly to settle the Constitution will meet as quickly as possible.

Workers, soldiers, citizens! The victory of the people has been won; it must not be dishonored by thoughtlessness. Economic life and transport must be maintained at all costs, so that the people's government may be secured under all circumstances.

Obey all the recommendations of the people's government and its representatives. It is acting in the closest union with the workers and soldiers.

Long live the German People's Republic!

THE EXECUTIVE OF THE SOCIAL DEMOCRACY OF GERMANY.
THE WORKERS' AND SOLDIERS' COUNCIL.

Then Scheidemann appeared on the balcony of the Reichstag and addressed the crowd in the following speech:

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Scheidemann's Speech to the People from the Balcony of the Reichstag on the Afternoon of November 9.

WORKERS AND SOLDIERS! The German people have won all along the line. What is old and corrupt has yielded. Militarism has yielded. The Hohenzollerns have abdicated. Long live the German Republic! Ebert has been proclaimed Imperial Chancellor. Comrade Ebert is thereby commissioned to form a new government. All Social Democratic groups will belong to this government. Now our task is not to let this glorious victory, this complete victory of the German people be besmirched. Therefore, I beg you to see to it that there is no disturbance to the public safety. We must be able to be proud of this day forever. Nothing must happen which might later be thrown in our teeth.

Quiet, order, and security, these are what we need now. The General commanding in the marches and the War Minister Scheuch, will each receive an adviser. Deputy Göhre will sign all statements of the War Minister as well as Scheuch. It is, therefore, your duty now to respect all statements signed by Ebert, Scheuch, and Göhre. See to it that the new German Republic which we are setting up is not interfered with by anything. Long live the German Republic!

Prince Max handed over the Chancellorship to the Socialist Ebert, and announced the abdication of the Kaiser. But the Kaiser himself waited for nineteen days in Holland before signing his formal Act of Abdication.

Act of Abdication, Signed by the Emperor William II at Amerongen in Holland on November 28, 1918.

I hereby renounce forever the rights to the Crown of Prussia and the rights to the German Imperial Crown therewith bound up. At the same time I release all officials of the German Empire and of Prussia, as also all officers, non-commissioned officers, and rank and file of the navy, the Prussian army, and the troops of the Federal contingents, of their oath of loyalty, which they took to me as their Emperor, King, and Commander-in-Chief. I expect of them that until the German Empire is ordered anew they will help those men who hold the actual power in Germany to protect the German people against the threatening dangers of anarchy, famine, and foreign domination.

Given by our own hand and under our own seal,

At Amerongen, November 28, 1918.

WILLIAM.

The new Government immediately announced its accession to power in a flysheet, and its policy in a decree, but its programme could not be declared until its composition had finally been agreed upon. Saturday afternoon and evening were occupied by negotiations between the Majority and Minority Socialists, and the demands of the Minority and the answer of the Majority are shown in the statement issued by the latter at 8.30 P.M. Agreement as to the conditions of a Coalition Government were at last reached. It was to consist of three Majority Socialists, Ebert, Scheidemann, and Landsberg, and three Minority Socialists, Haase, Dittmann, and Barth. This Cabinet of Six — they call themselves indifferently *The People's Commissaries*, or *The Imperial Government* (*Reichsregierung*), *i.e.*, Central Government for the whole Empire — issued its programme on November 12:

Flysheet Issued on November 9 by Ebert to Inform the Public That He Had Taken Over the Chancellorship.

The previous Imperial Chancellor, Prince Max of Baden, has, with the consent of the various Secretaries of State, handed over to me the conduct of the Imperial Chancellor's business. I am in process of forming the new Government by agreement with the parties, and will shortly inform the public of the result. The new Government will be a People's Government. Its aim must be to give the German people peace as soon as possible, to secure for it the liberty which it has won. Fellow citizens! I beg you all for your support in the difficult work which awaits us. You know how heavily the war threatens the people's food supply, the first prerequisite of political life.

The political revolution must not disturb the feeding of the population. It must remain the first duty of all in town and in

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country not to hinder but to further the production of food and its transport into the towns. Want of food supplies means plunder and robbery, with misery for all. The poorest would suffer most, the industrial workers would be hit the most hardly. Whoever interferes with the supplies of food or other objects of necessity, or with the means of transport necessary to their distribution commits the heaviest sin against the community.

Fellow citizens! I beg you all most earnestly: Leave the streets. See that peace and order are maintained.

(Signed) EBERT,
Imperial Chancellor.

Decree Issued by the New Revolutionary Government on the Evening of November 9.

COMRADES!

This day has completed the freeing of the people. The Emperor has abdicated, his eldest son has renounced the throne. The Social Democratic Party has taken over the Government, and has offered entry into the Government to the Independent Social Democratic Party on the basis of complete equality. The new Government will arrange for an election of a Constituent National Assembly, in which all citizens of either sex who are over 20 years of age will take part with absolutely equal rights. After that it will resign its powers into the hands of the new representatives of the people.

Until then its duties are:

To conclude an armistice and to conduct peace negotiations; to assure the feeding of the population.

To secure for the men in the army the quickest possible orderly return to their families and to wage-earning work.

For this the democratic administration must begin at once to work smoothly. Only by means of faultless working can the worst disasters be avoided. Let each man, therefore, realize his responsibility to the whole. Human life is sacred. Property is to be protected against illegal interference. Whoever dishonors this glorious movement by vulgar crimes is an enemy of the people and must be treated as such. But whoever cooperates with honest self-sacrifice in our work, on which the whole future depends, may say of himself that at the greatest moment of the world's history he joined in to save the people.

We face enormous tasks. Laboring men and women, in town and country, men i the soldier's uniform and men in the worl man's blouse, help, all of you!

EBERT, SCHEIDEMANN, LANDSBERG.

Answer of the Majority Socialist Par to the Demands of the Independe Socialists Concerning the Basis o Which They Should Both Agree Form One Government, Issued 8.30 P.M. on November 9.

TO THE EXECUTIVE OF THE INDEPENDEN SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

Guided by the sincere wish to achieve union, we must make clear to you ou attitude to your demands. You demand:

(1) *That Germany is to become a Socialis Republic.* Answer: This demand is the go of our own policy; nevertheless, it is for th people and the Constituent National A sembly to decide.

(2) *In this Republic the whole executiv legislative, and judicial power is to be excl sively in the hands of the chosen men of t total laboring population and the soldier* Answer: If this demand means the dict torship of a part, a class, without th majority behind it, then we must reject th demand, because it would run counter our democratic principles.

(3) *Exclusion from the Government of bourgeois members.* Answer: This dema we must reject, because to accede to would seriously endanger the feeding of th people, if not make it impossible.

(4) *The participation of the Independer shall only be valid for three days, as temporary measure, in order to create Government capable of concluding the arm tice.* Answer: We hold that a coöperati of the Social Democratic groups is necessa at least until the meeting of the Constitue Assembly.

(5) *The Departmental Ministers sh count only as technical assistants to t Cabinet, which alone shall take decisio* Answer: We agree to this demand.

(6) *Equal powers to the joint President the Cabinet.* Answer: We are for the equ powers of all members of the Cabin nevertheless, the Constituent Assembly w have to decide on this.

It is to be hoped from the good sense the Independent Social Democratic Par that it will achieve a union with the Soc Democratic Party.

The Executive of the Social Democra Party of Germany.

(Signatures.)

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Programme of the New Revolutionary Government, Announced by the Berlin Cabinet of Six.

TO THE GERMAN PEOPLE!

The Government which the Revolution has produced, whose political convictions are purely Socialist, is undertaking the task of realizing the Socialist programme. They now make the following announcements, which will have the force of law:

(1) The state of siege is abolished.

(2) The right of association and meeting is subject to no limitations, not even for officials and State workers.

(3) The censorship ceases to exist. The censorship of plays is abolished.

(4) Expression of opinion, whether by word of mouth or in writing, is free.

(5) Freedom of religious practice is guaranteed. No one shall be compelled to perform any religious act.

(6) An amnesty is granted for all political punishments. Trials now proceeding for such crimes are quashed.

(7) The Law of (compulsory) National Auxiliary Service is abolished with the exception of the provisions referring to the settlement of disputes.

(8) The Domestic Services Decrees become null and void; also the Exceptional Laws against rural workers.

(9) The laws protecting Labor, which were abandoned at the beginning of the war, are herewith restored. Further orders of a social-political nature will be published shortly. On January 1, 1919, at latest, the Eight-Hour Day will come into force. The Government will do all that is possible to secure sufficient opportunities of work. An Order *re* the support of unemployed is ready. It divides the burden between the Empire (Federal), State, and Municipality. In the sphere of sickness insurance the insurance obligation will be increased beyond the present limit of 2,500 Marks (£125). The housing difficulty will be dealt with by the building of houses. Efforts will be made to secure regular feeding of the people. The Government will maintain ordered production, will protect property against private interference, as well as the freedom and security of individuals. All elections to public bodies are immediately to be carried out according to the equal, secret, direct, and universal franchise on the basis of proportional representation for all male and female persons of not less than 20 years of age; this franchise also holds for the Constituent Assembly, concerning which more detailed orders will follow.

Berlin, November 12, 1918.

EBERT, HAASE, SCHEIDEMANN,
LANDSBERG, DITTMANN, BARTH.

The appeal to abstain from disorder so as not to imperil the food supply, which appears in these early documents, is repeated in a vast number of statements issued by every kind of authority all over the country. It shows that from the first moment of the revolution the new Government were as urgent with their own people on this subject as Doctor Solf has been with the Allies. In a second appeal, issued by Ebert on the first day of the revolution, the statement is made that it is proposed to retain the bourgeois administrative services in order to avoid confusion and breakdown of supply. This is typical of innumerable other statements issued in other parts of the country.

The question of public order was naturally bound up with that of maintaining discipline in the army. The lesson of the Russian revolution is shown by the new Government's determination to maintain discipline and the command of officer over private. At the same time, the old military system could not be retained, and the Government defined the relations which were to exist between officers and men in a very interesting telegram to the High Command. The attitude of the Army Command in not challenging the revolution made the Government's path easier in this delicate and difficult matter. Hindenburg's announcement that he would coöperate with the Berlin Government has appeared in our press; statements, for which we have no space here, show that the local military authorities followed suit:

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Telegram of the People's Government in Berlin to the High Command, Defining the Relations of Soldiers to Officers and Regulating Military Discipline; Issued by the Wolff Bureau on November 12.

The People's Government is inspired by the wish to see each of our soldiers return to his home as quickly as possible after his unspeakable sufferings and unheard-of deprivations. But this goal can only be reached if the demobilization is carried out according to an orderly plan. If single troops stream back at their own pleasure, they place themselves, their comrades, and their homes in the greatest danger. The consequences would necessarily be chaos, famine, and want. The People's Government expects of you the strictest self-discipline in order to avoid immeasurable calamity. We desire the High Command to inform the army in the field of this declaration of the People's Government, and to issue the following orders:

(1) The relations between officer and rank and file are to be built up on mutual confidence. Prerequisites to this are willing submission of the ranks to the officer, and comradely treatment by the officer of the ranks.

(2) The officer's superiority in rank remains. Unqualified obedience in service is of prime importance for the success of the return home to Germany. Military discipline and army order must therefore be maintained under all circumstances.

(3) The Soldiers' Councils have an advisory voice in maintaining confidence between officer and rank and file in questions of food, leave, the infliction of disciplinary punishments. Their highest duty is to try to prevent disorder and mutiny.

(4) The same food for officers, officials, and rank and file.

(5) The same bonuses to be added to the pay, and the same allowances for service in the field for officers and rank and file.

(6) Arms are to be used against members of our own people only in case of self-defense and to prevent robberies.

(Signed) EBERT, HAASE, SCHEIDEMANN, LANDSBERG, BARTH.

The last document contains the statement that the Soldiers' Councils are to have 'an advisory voice.' This brings us to the obscure subject of tl Workers' and Soldiers' Councils ar their relation to the Government. Tl Councils are of two kinds: (1) tr Soldiers' Councils, formed at the fro and in garrison towns and includi officers, and (2) Workers' and So diers' Councils formed of civilians ar those soldiers who had returned hom The first give a strong support to tl new Government, and demand, wi that Government, that a Constitue Assembly shall be summoned as soo as possible, and shall determine tl future Constitution before any elab rate 'socialization of industry' is a tempted. It is said by some that th attitude of the Soldiers' Councils influenced by the presence of office in them, but it is probable th the returning soldier supports tl Berlin and other Governments becau what he dreads is disorganizatio and unemployment. The Gover ment obtains their support by pror ising employment and the rationi of work through an eight-hour da This appears clearly in the followi document:

The Imperial Cabinet to the Returnin Soldier.

TO THE RETURNING SOLDIERS!

COMRADES! The German Republic hea ily bids you welcome home! You we forth for a country, in which you had say, in which a handful of men in authori had shared out between themselves pow and possession. You were but allowed be silent and to fight, while hundreds thousands had to be silent and die bef your eyes.

To-day you return to your own counti in which no one in future has anything say or to decide except the people itse which is now receiving you once mo as members. The revolution has brok the spell: You and we are free, Germa is free. Our Socialist Republic is to en the League of Nations as the freest of a And you are not only to find all the pol ical rights of which hitherto you ha been deprived; your country is also

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become your possession and your inheritance in an economic way, in that no one shall any more, with our consent, exploit you and enslave you.

The Imperial Government, which has been created and is being supported by the confidence of your comrades and of the workers, will get you work, protection while you work, and higher wages from your work. The eight-hour day, insurance for unemployment, creation of employment, development of sickness insurance, the solution of the housing question, socialization of those industries which are ready for it: everything is in process, is already partly law!

Come and be welcomed as the men who are to carry on the new Republic and its future. It is true you will find scarcity among us in foodstuffs, in all economic materials; there is distress and deprivation in the country. We can only get help from work in common, from action taken together. Only a Germany which has a Government secured and anchored in the workers and soldiers can get from our previous opponents what you have fought for and longed for during four years — peace!

Council of the People's Commissaries,
EBERT, HAASE, SCHEIDEMANN,
DITTMANN, LANDSBERG, BARTH.

It is feared in some quarters in Germany that with the demobilization of the army the true Soldiers' Councils will cease to exist and all power will come into the hands of the Workers' and Soldiers' Councils, where the Extremists of the Spartacus group exercise such power as they have. At the time of writing there has just been fighting in Berlin which seems to have left Ebert and the Majority Socialists still more firmly established in power. Conditions vary from place to place. In Berlin, from the outset, there has been some attempt to imitate the Russian Bolshevik theory, but for this men like Ebert, Scheidemann, Haase, Bernstein, and Kautsky have no sympathy.

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WAS LUDENDORFF TO BLAME?

In 1916 Hindenburg declared to an Austrian journalist that no one on earth could separate him from Ludendorff. This statement he made *à propos* the attempts made by the former Government to do so, and also by members of certain circles, who are now busily engaged in trying to prove that Ludendorff is responsible for Germany's misfortunes, whereas the blame is to be found in quite another direction. These people are those who from the very beginning of the war regarded it simply as an opportunity for political power, and to whom a German victory meant an insuperable obstacle to the attainment of their aims. Ludendorff and Hindenburg have now been separated, we do not know precisely how or why; but one thing is certain, however, that Kaiser Wilhelm was induced to withdraw his confidence from General Ludendorff. When the latter realized this he tendered his resignation. It is merely a legend that Ludendorff fell because he refused to recognize the changed condition of affairs. On the contrary, he approved, and even urged, a change. It is also a legend — to use no stronger expression — that General Ludendorff at the last moment suddenly put before the former Government the demand that they should conclude an armistice within 24 hours. As a matter of fact, as far back as the middle of last August, Ludendorff told the Foreign Secretary that steps ought to be taken, primarily through Holland, to make arrangements to negotiate an armistice. This he did after the German defeat of August 8. That defeat caused a gap which could not be made good either by numbers or by splendid *moral*. What course the German diplomats at that time really pursued is a matter of conjecture. We have no real data on which to form any unprejudiced opinion on the events of the middle of August, or the relations between Hindenburg and Ludendorff. The following, however, appears probable: When, during August, Hindenburg, in agreement with Ludendorff, approached the Government, and later on demanded of the latter an account of how matters stood diplomatically, neither of the generals had the slightest intention or idea of an armistice, which, of course, would mean the annihilation of the German Empire. The version that Ludendorff had demanded an armistice within 24 hours is certainly not correct. It is more probable that Ludendorff pressed for an armistice at the end of a time previously arranged by the Government itself. The General, moreover, at the time considered the situation extremely critical. A few days later his opinion was that the situation had changed for the better, and, as a matter of fact, he was correct in that view. He accordingly did all in his power to avert the impending political upheaval, but his efforts were in vain. His enemies had him in their power, the moment had arrived when they could overthrow the man they hated, and whose energy and courage they feared from a political standpoint. Doubtless, he would prove an insuperable obstacle to the carrying out of their revolutionary plans to the conclusion of a peace at any price. We may call to mind the state of public opinion at the time. If we could only have an armistice and could persuade our enemies of the

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'reality of the German desire for peace,' we should have left the worst behind us. *Vorwärts* wrote that the time had come when it was absolutely necessary for us to go through with the acceptance of the armistice conditions — (which, by the way, were not known at the time) — and that then we should have peace and bread and all sorts of good things; but in any case an armistice at once! Ludendorff and Hindenburg were at that very time convinced that it was possible for Germany to continue the war for several months longer, under far more favorable conditions than hitherto. Over half a million reinforcements were at their disposal. Reports concerning the position of the Entente all agreed that the Allies would be forced to cease fighting before the end of the year. These reports were confirmed by the statements made by various English officers. Hindenburg's and Ludendorff's opinion that by going on fighting the conditions (both so far as the armistice and peace were concerned) would improve as month succeeded month, has been completely vindicated up to now. When the frightful terms of the armistice were made public the whole blame was thrown on Ludendorff and the accursed military system, etc.

In this connection we may ask whether (Ludendorff having already resigned) the armistice conditions were ever laid before the High Command, that is to say, before Hindenburg, and what his opinion was. This question appears to us highly important; in any case history must return to it. To force this armistice on the German Empire and people, except under conditions of the direst necessity, was foolish, cowardly, and criminal. The guilty persons must be found out and branded. The extraordinary haste of the democratic and social democratic parties to lay all the blame on Ludendorff is sufficiently characteristic. We know that every Soldiers' Council and every newsboy can prove conclusively that Ludendorff brought about the catastrophe by his great strategic blunders. We do not attempt to express an opinion on the military events, their causes, etc., or on the conduct of the various military leaders, but we must repeat our firm conviction that the real cause of our failures and the consequent *débâcle* was the disruptive work on the 'home front,' together with the Northcliffe propaganda. In this way has Germany been overthrown, and annihilated as a Power. We can only repeat that we have made mistakes just as our enemies have done. On the German side, so far as military mistakes are concerned, only one was made in any decisive sense, the original plan of the campaign, and this had its political side. We must lay the blame on the former command for the fact that their reports, and even their confidential *communiqués*, since August 8, were conceived in far too optimistic a vein; the true state of affairs was hardly indicated. But we cannot believe that men like Hindenburg and Ludendorff would have made such huge mistakes if they had only taken the advice of the Editors of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, the *Berliner Tageblatt*, and *Vorwärts!* Ludendorff is now regarded as a traitor to his country and a criminal, and this mean hounding down of a brave man is participated in by many of those who formerly considered no praise too high for the General. They forget that Hindenburg, who to-day is rightly acclaimed by all, was Chief of the General Staff of the army in the field, and Ludendorff his Quartermaster General. The aims of both generals during 1918 were identical. We cannot condemn one and belaud the other. If this is done,

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it only shows bad faith, and is merely serving political ends. Even if General Ludendorff has made mistakes, he cannot be regarded by any sane German as an incapable leader or a criminal in any sense. It is a quite comprehensible fact that he lost his nerve for a short time after his superhuman exertions — but why was he compelled to retire before he was himself again?

The Deutsche Tageszeitung

One of the most despicable faults and weaknesses is that of damning and slandering great leaders, because their name is in some way connected with failure and misfortune. If the German Crown Prince had not arrived in the nick of time at König Grätz, in 1868, Moltke, Bismarck, and König Wilhelm would have remained to us as standing examples of an accursed and rotten system.

PRESIDENT WILSON

AN AUSTRIAN VIEW

BY PROFESSOR M. J. BONN

Two years have elapsed since President Wilson presented his first peace proposal to the belligerent powers in the note of December 18, 1916. Since the beginning of the war he had waited for the day that it would be permitted him to point out the way to peace for the European world in the name of the great American nation, in which are united descendants of all the fighting peoples. He had repeatedly encountered insurmountable obstacles, until finally in December, 1916, when the German peace tender of December 12 had made known the readiness of the Central Powers for peace, and the collapse of the Rumanian offensive had lowered the hopes of the Allies, the right hour seemed to have come. He deceived himself. It was natural that his intervention should be suspected by the Allies as undertaken in connivance with the Central Powers. It was comprehensible that people in Germany, irritated by America's delivery of munitions to her enemies, should not see the connection of things in the right light. The newspapers proclaimed that we wanted no Wilson peace. Wilson's character and personality were systematically distorted. The conception the German people held of him bore no correspondence with actual facts, but constituted a living example of the naïve childishness and simplicity with which a nation of poets and thinkers can form its political hatreds and its political affections.

The Germans have been taught to view political questions from an ethnographic national standpoint. They are inclined to see the bonds of political unity only in the ties of blood and speech, and they seldom comprehend that common institutions and com-

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mon ideals may enable people of different ancestry to become the inspired devotees of a common ideal. It resulted that our people persisted in viewing America as merely an offshoot of the English parent stem, and in considering the sympathies of the Americans for the Allies as a demonstration of the truth that blood is thicker than water. Our people conceived Wilson as the son of an English mother, who gave expression of his sympathy for the cultural attainments of the English parent race on every occasion, and naturally desired its final victory. The fact is that Woodrow Wilson does not belong to the Anglo-American aristocracy, whose ancestors came to America in the Mayflower, and who thereby have acquired a sort of original patent of nobility. His grandfather on his father's side landed in America in 1807. He did not come from England, but from Ireland. Wilson descends from this small Scotch-Irish race who settled as Scotch colonists in the northeastern corner of Ireland, and reconstructed their Celtic environment with the persistent energy of their Scottish mother country. For centuries these Ulster Scots have been passionate radical democrats. They unite Scottish persistency and common sense with Celtic excitability and passion. They have never conceived themselves to be English. Thanks to their combining clear thinking with imagination, many of them have been masters of the English language. Woodrow Wilson is one of their worthy descendants in this respect. They have always been fanatical partisans of Puritan Protestantism. As ardent republicans they hated the throne, when thrones were still firmly established. They have never bowed down before the mighty of the world, and they migrated by thousands in the seventeenth century to take refuge in the New World rather than bow to the yoke of aristocratic lords. They were ardent democrats long before the theory of human rights had seized the hearts of men. They have rebelled time and again in their Scottish mother country and in their newer home in Ulster. They have stood in accord with England only so far as that country stood behind them in resisting the mighty Celtic flood that threatened to overwhelm them. Their American descendants were prominent among the pioneers who first pushed forward into the western country. They were the most passionate enemies of the English monarchy in the American war of Independence, and thus contributed largely to the first shock which overthrew thrones throughout the world.

Woodrow Wilson is a descendant of these people. He combines temperamentally enthusiastic devotion to an ideal with practical common sense and obstinate clinging to facts. He has always been an enthusiastic democrat, who hated privileges and special favors. He is an ardent advocate of republican forms of government, and views any other form an archenemy of democracy. He is a mystic, who would fain found a kingdom of Heaven on the earth. But, at the same time, he is a cool-headed, almost cautious calculator, who arrives at decisions with difficulty, who hesitates and waits, who tests and weighs. Blind faith in the power of an ideal and the virtue of men, are counterbalanced in him by his sharp-sighted distrust of appearances, and of men as individuals.

Wilson has been in public life long enough so that his spoken and written words and his actions afford an observer facts enough to form a judgment of his political personality.

From the beginning he has proclaimed his democratic conception of Government in his writings and his

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acts. He is not one of those numerous American writers who has found a theme for lamentation in the abuses of the American political party system. His conception of democracy is quite different from that common in Europe. The American nation worked out its constitution in the course of a struggle against despotism. It contains a strict classification of authority into executive, legislative, and judicial powers, in order to avoid the possibility of any return to despotism. The result was that for years the control of the Government drifted steadily toward the legislative branch, and the position of the President was weakened. Cleveland and Roosevelt checked this tendency. Wilson has ultimately stopped it. He has returned to the traditions of the great Presidents, who were inspired by the consciousness that they were elected by the whole people to feel themselves executives of the national will, and who, therefore, retained political initiative, and viewed the two houses of Congress as merely a co-operating authority. Wilson has been stigmatized as a democratic Tsar, and cited as an example to deter the people of the Central Powers from adopting a democratic constitution. Apparently, the people here have not been able to understand that a President who receives a mandate from his people to perform certain definite and strictly defined functions for a limited time, and who fulfills this mandate without yielding to the opposition of the Legislature, is in the best sense of the word a commissioner of the people and not a despot. He is the chosen representative of the whole nation, and as such feels that he stands for the nation, although parliamentary majorities may not endorse his policy. He can only do this so long as the national will stands behind him in the form of a supporting public opinion. Wilson has always acted in accordance with this political theory. That fact explains why he has so often and so decisively overruled the opposition of Congress so as to seem like a democratic Tsar. But the same fact also explains his delay and hesitation, the caution that prevents vigorous and unrestrained action and permits a golden opportunity to pass if he is not assured that he speaks in the name of those who have given him their confidence.

Wilson is personally cold and reserved. In spite of the ingratiating manner, without which one can hardly rule a democracy, very few men can say they are his intimate friends. But in spite of the reserved temperament, which betrays a man who depends upon himself, who makes his resolutions in secret, he understands the soul of the American democracy with rare insight. He is far superior to the most skillful popular leaders, and is inspired by genuine faith in democracy and by a warm sympathy for the mass of the nation and the plain people, as they say in America.

The Germans long reviled Wilson as a tool of Wall Street. In public life he has been the merciless enemy of special interests. Even when he was President of the University of Princeton he attacked the privileges of the wealthier students. He was defeated, but he resumed the battle as Governor of New Jersey, and has fought it continuously and victoriously during his term as President. By his banking legislation he has lessened the power of the great financiers. By reducing duties and dissolving trusts he has succeeded in weakening the monopolistic privileges of great industries. He was charged with having declared war in order to protect the advances which American financiers had made the Allies, but he has laid the heaviest war taxes upon those very people. He has placed the whole busi-

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ness life of the nation under Government control, and in doing this he has assured the American working people a position in respect to their employers that they never hitherto have enjoyed. He hates monopoly in any form, and wishes to insure for the individual American, by a legally guaranteed 'new freedom,' the possibility of an assured and comfortable existence, such as should be the patrimony of every freeman. He hates violence in every form as equivalent to injustice exercised by the powerful over the weak. He has refused American directors and American manufacturers public support to extend their economic control over foreign people. He has fought against the imperialism of his own country in South America, in Mexico, in China, and at the Panama Canal.

He has an unyielding and passionate faith in formal justice. No power in the world could bend him to recognize President Huerta, although everyone immediately familiar with the situation believed that Huerta was the proper man to crush anarchy in Mexico. But Huerta's hands were stained with blood. He had attained control by violating forms of the Mexican constitution. It mattered little to Wilson that recognition really might bring peace and order to Mexico. An arbitrary government that maintained order was no substitute, in Wilson's opinion, for a legal government, although unrest might continue. Arbitrary force, even though bringing blessing, is not justice. Order, although it assures prosperity, is not freedom. Without justice and freedom democracy cannot exist in this world. A person who has studied Wilson's attitude towards Huerta at the time of the Mexican crisis will recognize in it a clear precedent for the policy he adopted towards Wilhelm II, whom he believed to have shown the bad faith of the imperial governmental system when he resumed unrestricted U-boat warfare.

Wilson always betrays the same mixture of passionate, persistent clinging to definite purposes, and hesitating, almost cautious, positive actions, until he feels that the moment has come when he can carry the American people with him. This has been the case in the great question, the final settlement of which will determine whether Wilson is to hold a place in history among the many who were contented with desiring to be great, or among the few whom it has been granted really to attain greatness. During the early days of the war, Wilson stated resolutely and definitely that America must be neutral, and that since the children of America were the children of all nations their function was to conciliate all nations. But he hesitated to apply these principles, and America, influenced by the blunders of German policy, was gradually diverted from this attitude. Cautiously advancing, keeping his ear to the ground, he gradually developed a peace policy, which under one aspect was a repudiation of the old American policy, and under another aspect an attainment of its highest ideals. The old American political theory was to isolate the country in order to keep it free from European entanglements, and to protect democracy. The Monroe Doctrine was intended to guarantee this isolation, while a policy of disarmament and an international tribunal, looked toward a gradual union of all nations. America regarded itself as the mother country of all the federal nations of the world. It has even dreamed of organizing a world union after the analogy of the present union of the States. Since May, 1916, Wilson has tried to make this dream an actuality, and to end the war by a peace that could unite all people in a League of

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Nations. In the future every conflict would be settled in a peaceful manner. In place of the military power of individual States economic and moral influences — and only in exceptional and urgent cases persuasive force — would be the sanction of international will. Wilson first expressed these views when he was a neutral. He has developed them further as a belligerent. He has remained loyal to them at a time when the Central Powers through the idiotic folly of their military rulers made impossible the peace of understanding, which the statesmen would gladly have accepted. He has not always had the quickness of decision to seize with lightning grasp the most favorable moment to carry out his plans. The latter were attainable only during those fleeting incidents when the military situation was absolutely counterpoised and a peace without victory seemed possible. Wilson was master of the world so long as this situation continued, and so long as American troops and American resources were necessary to establish the superiority of the Allies. On the day when American skill and American military power insured Germany's defeat, America's material assistance became superfluous, for the decision was already made.

Consequently, Wilson is now in the difficult situation of having his purpose to attain a permanent peace blocked by the fact that he has crushed the opposition of Germany to such a peace.

He has recognized this crisis in his life work. Trusting absolutely in the idealism of the American nation, he has accepted the logic of the situation, and in spite of the unfavorable results of the election at home, he has gone to the peace conference in Europe. If Wilhelm II had abdicated at the right moment, the elections would not have gone against him.

The Neue Freie Presse

At the Peace Conference he will find himself face to face with Allies whose quick victory has made them independent of America from a military point of view, and who are anxious to relieve their own financial burdens by plundering the conquered. He finds the defeated enemy not only crushed in a military way, but also in the early stages of political disintegration. He meets everywhere the contemptible spirit which manifests itself in incessant personal flattery. Anyone who has studied his career will never doubt but what he will continue the struggle to attain his ends with the passionate persistence of a political idealist, and that even in the hour of greatest difficulty he will never relinquish his faith in victory. We should not appeal to him for aid. We should not seek to touch his pity. If he is not able to attain his purpose through his faith in its righteousness and in its practicability he cannot be reinspired by the miserable appeals of the conquered. We may be grateful to him if he wins. We shall have no reason to curse him if he fails. For the question, 'Victory or defeat?' is for him and his ideas the question of destiny. Political idealism and political materialism are the opposing contestants in the conference of the Allies. They are fighting the greatest battle in the history of the world. If Wilson is vanquished, his name will be one of the many that are written in sand and not engraved in granite — of the many whom the history of the world forgets as the wind wafts aside the sand. If he wins, he will be the greatest man of his century. The Americans have characterized their first President with the beautiful words, 'First in peace, first in war, first in the hearts of his countrymen.' If Wilson wins, we will be able to say of him, 'First in the hearts of his fellow men.'

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THE IRISH QUESTION

A SUMMARY

BY SIR HORACE PLUNKETT

PASSING through England on my way to the United States, I find a greater anxiety than ever to understand the Irish situation — what it means, what the new party, undoubtedly representing a great majority of the Irish people, really want, and what can be done to satisfy the needs which this new development in the political life of my country so clearly, so democratically, proclaims.

The sympathetic observer from without seems to be not so much alarmed by what is happening in Ireland as mystified. He says, with truth, I think, that information of any real kind is either withheld or suppressed. From my own reading of the British newspapers I can understand this complaint. I have not seen, for example — and friends confirm this — a single competent interpretation of the portent — the tremendous portent, as I see it — of the recent Irish general election, while of any adequate treatment of the portent in relation to its history, its meaning, its causes and possible effects, both in Ireland and England, in the Dominions and in the United States, there seems to be no trace. To my way of thinking, the policy of withholding or ignoring — if it *is* a policy, as some suggest — is bad. I should go farther and call it calamitous.

The temper of the average Englishman in regard to Ireland is, as far as my observation goes, wonderfully good. Many have told me that they were ready within reason to do anything for or give anything to the Irish people, but they want to know what it is they have to give, and how, and to whom. If I suggest that such questions should be put by the British people to the British Government I am not taken seriously. I am told I must give *my* answer — so here it is.

Roughly, the situation of Ireland is this. The recent election shows what is politically known as Ulster unchanged — if anything more determined than before on its claim for continued union with Great Britain — that is, for separation from the rest of their country in the event of Home Rule, which they 'won't have.' The rest of Ireland, with the exception of a Nationalist oasis here and there and of a few less frequent Unionist strongholds, has gone Sinn Fein. The hosts of the constitutional Nationalists have fallen ignominiously. In many cases they have gone under without a struggle. In Ireland at the present day we have two parties that count — the Ulster Unionists (themselves Sinn Fein, with a difference) and the Sinn Feiners, in future to be known officially, and I suppose diplomatically, as the Irish Republican party.

Concerning the Ulster phalanx nothing new can or need be said. It is there ready for any eventuality under its old and tried leader from the south. Its policy has not changed. The difficulty

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of saying anything definite about the Republican party is equally great, though for a widely different reason. The policy of Ulster is so old that it bears no repetition. That of Sinn Fein is so new that it has not become intelligible to others, if it has to members of the party themselves. Those who assume that the old order must continue find it hard to take seriously a party whose representatives assert that the fact of their election constitutes Ireland a republic, and base upon that claim a right to divert the proceeds of Imperial taxation into their own exchequer. They feel that such people must either succumb to derision or be subjected to coercion along with all Bolsheviki and criminal lunatics. Let me say at once that in my view there is here both a profound psychological misunderstanding and a grave error of strategy. However incredible or distressing it may be to the British people, the fact remains that the leaders of Sinn Fein do take themselves seriously, and that the vast majority of the people of Ireland agree with them, as they have amply demonstrated by their decisive and orderly behavior at the election.

There was absolutely no ambiguity about the issue on which the candidates went to the polls. They stated quite clearly that the electors who voted for them would pledge themselves to a severance of relations with England, first by abstention from Parliament and thereafter by the establishment of an independent republic. Those who ask, therefore, for a constructive policy from Sinn Fein are straining their eyes at a distant objective because they cannot or will not see the great fact in the foreground. Having succeeded in discrediting British government in Ireland, Sinn Fein intends to make it impossible. It is unnecessary (as well as obviously imprudent) for its leaders to state the methods by which they hope to achieve this end.

In such a situation there is really nothing ridiculous or contemptible. By wrong handling it may be made acutely dangerous, while by judicious methods the enthusiasm and the solidarity which exist now, almost for the first time, may be converted into a real constructive force.

The question then arises — What are the right and wrong ways of dealing with the matter? There are only two possible courses. One (which unfortunately is known to be favored by a powerful section of the Coalition) is to govern Ireland by the firmest of hands, such hands, be they many or few, to have within grasp all the resources, both civil and military, of up-to-date civilization. The Irish Republic, they say, must not be recognized but suppressed. Should the Irish people acknowledge a republican form of government, obeying its mandates and paying taxes thereto, so much the worse for the Irish people. They must then be taught obedience, and if they like to pay double taxes — well, that's their affair. Demonstrations will be put down. Appeals to the ear of the world will not be transmitted. No further attempt at Home Rule legislation, not even by way of amendment of the existing Act, will be made. Nor till this policy bears its familiar fruit will any statesmanlike effort be forthcoming on the part of the British Government to repair, while the Peace Conference sits, the blunders which prevented Ireland's full participation in the war.

The alternative to this policy, which practically all Irishmen know must fail, and which the world, satiated with four years' bloodshed, will reject, is to try and understand Sinn Fein and then to act in the light of this under-

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standing. Ireland is suffering from extremes on either side, both of which really arise from the belief that English Government has proved itself impossible. Even now at the eleventh hour Ireland can be saved from these extremes by an awakening of the political and intellectual conscience of the Irish people. There should be made at once a firm offer of a reasonable measure of self-government. Were such a measure, whatever its detail, put forward seriously with clear intent to carry it through in the face of all opposition, I believe that the common sense of Ireland, at present in something of a tremor at sight of the future and its consequences, would force both sides to its acceptance, thereby giving to Ireland what she so vitally needs — a corporate and more or less national body which, however defective in its constitution, would at least enable Ireland to govern herself and give voice to her aspirations and genius before the world. That would not be a final settlement, but if the difficulties of a half-settlement — and it could be much more than that — are courageously faced, out of it will come in due season, from the only possible source, a united Ireland, the proper atmosphere for a lasting reconciliation.

In the choice that must be made far more than the domestic politics of the United Kingdom will be involved. Ireland cannot get to the Peace Conference; the Irish question cannot be kept out of it. What effect that unsolved problem may have had in hastening the outbreak and in protracting the agony of the Great War I do not know. With the hour of the Empire's greatest peril in the spring of last year there seemed to me to come the greatest opportunity in all history for an Irish settlement. There was a tremendous force of opinion in Ireland at that time which would have gladly taken the beginnings of a settlement, if only to enable the Irish people to play their natural part in the war, partly because their doing so would have made a full settlement comparatively easy. For the half loaf of a united Ireland without its full national requirements England substituted the stone of conscription. The opportunity was lost, and the problem again made more difficult. Will what may well be the last opportunity of a settlement from within be now seized?

Through the nine weary months of a struggle for a settlement in the Convention I always felt that the peace value of an Irish appeasement was infinitely greater than any effect it could possibly have upon the course of the war. It heartens me to find in England many who take this view. Notwithstanding the not unnatural demand of the majority of the Irish people that the settlement should come from the free nations of the world assembled at the Peace Conference, they have the intelligence to know that a prosperous and contented united Ireland can be far better realized by agreement between those immediately concerned. Let the British people speak to the British Government and to the Irish people, and insist that the Irish question shall be approached again in that spirit of conciliation and compromise out of which alone can there come peace in the United Kingdom, the British Empire, and the world.

The Manchester Guardian

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THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

A DUTCH VIEW

LET us not delude ourselves. A League of Nations in the hitherto accepted meaning of the term — a combination of all, or nearly all, civilized nations for the preservation of peace — a League of Nations such as that is out of the question, for the present at any rate. And if, on the conclusion of peace, for the reason, perhaps, that we hanker after some sort of apotheosis, a League of Nations is proclaimed, it will be something quite different from that.

It cannot be otherwise. When the war reached its final stage, this was made more evident. A war waged by one side *rücksichtslos*, with every available means, thus engendering invetrate hatred among its opponents, and carried on by the latter until the enemy was utterly defeated and reduced to impotence — a war such as that cannot produce the atmosphere of conciliation, of forgive and forget, which a League of Nations needs for its growth and success. Who, as the end approached, still dared cling to the hope that the Allies, who have all along openly declared that they regarded the Central Powers as the scum of humanity with whom henceforth they would hold no relations, would suddenly change their attitude and say to the leaders of the defeated enemy: 'Come, now, and join us at the Conference table, and we will jointly and harmoniously institute a new international organization'?

That, of course, was unthinkable.

A universal League of Nations is, therefore, out of the question. But, if so, what then? A return to the old conditions — but without, for the present, any greatly preponderating group of Powers?

But, as a result of antagonistic policies, or economic or merely personal interests, even the most powerful grouping of States may lose its ascendancy within a few years. History is full of examples, and already contending interests have manifested themselves — those, for instance, of America and England at sea, of England and France on the Continent of Europe, of India and the Balkans, of America and Japan, to name only a few. The new conditions, therefore, would scarcely differ from the old international relations before the war, and must lead, within a certain number of years, to the nations seeking escape from the unbearable strain of suspense in world wars increasingly fierce and devastating. Anyone taking that view of the situation must be amazed that there are still statesmen to be found who would make a return to the old régime, just as if nothing had happened, with merely a change in the grouping of Powers, still seeking salvation in that balance of power so strongly denounced by President Wilson a couple of years since.

Wilson — is it possible to imagine him as having in any way changed his opinions under force of circumstances, and as no longer cherishing his earlier ideals? Such is not the case, as is proved by his visit to Europe, where he has not allowed himself to be converted to the theory of Lloyd George, that a British world empire, if needs be, acting in coöperation with like-minded

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Allies, is sufficient for the task of policing the world; nor to that of Pichon and Clemenceau, the latter of whom openly declared in the French Chamber that he remained an advocate of the balance of power: 'I remain true to the old system, that States must organize their own defense, have frontiers that can be adequately defended and continue armed'; and, further, that he would not give up the system of alliances, although he would not reject the supplementary guaranties of an international organization.

It speaks for itself that this last arrangement is something quite different from the international organization which Wilson looks to as the indispensable crowning achievement of the present Peace Conference.

We quote from the President's speech at New York on September 27, 1918:

'Shall the military power of any nation or group of nations be suffered to determine the fortunes of peoples over whom they have no right to rule except the right of force? . . . Shall there be a common standard of right and privilege for all peoples and nations, or shall the strong do as they will, and the weak suffer without redress? Shall the assertion of right be haphazard and by casual alliance, or shall there be a common concert to oblige the observance of common rights?'

And, further: 'Once for all the principle must be established that the interest of the weakest is as sacred as the interest of the strongest. That is what we mean when we speak of a permanent peace.'

And, while on his visit to Europe, Wilson also declared at Manchester: 'If the future had nothing for us but a new attempt to keep the world at a right poise by a balance of power, the United States would take no interest, because she will join no combination of Powers which is not a combination of all of us.' At Rome, on January 3, he said again emphatically: 'We know that there cannot be another balance of power.' And he frankly warned the Italian Government: 'Our task at Paris is *to organize the friendship of the world* . . . to set up a new international psychology, to have a new atmosphere. . . . We cannot stand in the shadow of this war without knowing there are things awaiting us which are in some senses more difficult than those we have undertaken, because, while it is easy to speak of right and justice, it is sometimes difficult to work them out in practice.'

It is evident, therefore, that President Wilson has nowise relinquished his ideal; and, as we may assume that he is enough of a diplomat not to attempt to force the realization of that ideal, in spite of the opposition of his Allies, we will be greatly interested in seeing how the President will pave the way for the future establishment of a real universal League of Nations, even though it is beyond the bounds of immediate realization.

Het Nieuws Van Den Dag

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MINE-SWEEPING

BY H. A. LE F. H.

'WIRELESS message, sir.' A crumpled and wet piece of paper was handed through the wheel-house door.

'Right, thank you,' said Jones, the officer to whom this remark had been addressed, taking the message in his hand and glancing at it. 'I'll send down if there is any answer.'

He stood at the wheel-house window for a moment watching the wireless operator dodging the showers of spray which were breaking over the ship as he ran back to the wireless room, and then raising his glasses to his eyes he carefully examined the horizon ahead of him.

It was as peaceful a scene as one could well imagine anywhere in the world during the year 1916. A moderate wind was blowing, just sufficient to turn the tops of the waves into streaks of white foam, which shone and glistened in the bright sunshine. The land was plainly visible about five miles away, rising in steep cliffs of red granite straight out of the sea, and the numerous bays and headlands could be clearly distinguished. In some of the clefts in the cliffs masses of dirty snow which had defied the warmth of the summer sun could still be seen, and as far as the eye could see the land was a striking picture of peace and desolation.

A few gulls were flying about, and occasionally a school of hair seals would show themselves on the surface and gaze inquisitively at the ship and then dive with a noisy splash, to reappear a moment later at a safer distance. Otherwise the sea appeared as deserted as the land. In fact there was nothing whatever to be seen except the six British trawlers who were employed at the time of my narrative in the monotonous though at times dangerous pastime of mine-sweeping, and at occasional intervals a moored buoy which marked the ship channel. These buoys were necessary to enable the trawlers to maintain their correct positions while sweeping, and to insure that the ships using the channel should pass over the area which they had swept.

Having satisfied himself that everything was normal and that the rest of the trawlers were in their correct positions, Jones turned to address the skipper, who was standing near him. 'Keep an eye on them while I am below, Stephens, and let me know at once if anything is wanted. If the Sandfly gets any farther astern hoist the signal to increase speed again. I am going down to decode this message.'

'Very good, sir,' said Stephens, the skipper, a brawny Yorkshireman, who was standing with his head through one of the wheel-house windows, his legs well apart, and with a large bowl of black-looking tea in his hand; 'but as I've often said, you can't rightly expect a class of vessel like that Sandfly there to keep up with the likes of us; she ain't built same as these Hull boats.'

'No, perhaps not,' said Jones, 'but I've never noticed her very far astern when we are on our way into harbor; she can do better than she is doing now if she likes.'

'Those Scotch-built boats are all very well for the purpose for which

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they are constructed,' continued the skipper, warming up to his favorite discussion, 'and if you notice ——.'

'That's all right, skipper,' interrupted Jones, who by this time was half-way down the ladder leading from the wheel-house to his small cabin immediately below, where he extracted the code from the box in which it was kept. Stephens, his skipper, was an incorrigible believer in everything, either men or ships, which came from his native town of Hull. Fortunately for his own peace of mind, he was skipper of as fine an example of a pre-war Iceland trawler as had ever been turned out from that port, and he was extravagantly proud of her.

No one knew better than Jones himself what a fine sea boat the Sir Thomas Dancer was, and how well built and fitted; but though she had these and many other attributes, she was not at all a fast ship; in fact, in smooth water she was one of the slowest of the group. However, nothing would ever convince Stephens that she was not a regular ocean greyhound, and Jones had long ago given up arguing the matter.

He sat down with the signal in front of him and commenced to decode it. 'I hope it's a trifle more interesting than the last dozen I've had,' he said to himself; 'but it's probably some more rubbish about aircraft codes or something as equally useless in this benighted part of the world, where an aeroplane or a Zeppelin is even rarer than a glass of beer or a mail.'

The message in this case, however, turned out to be quite interesting. It was from the cruiser stationed in the harbor on which the trawlers were based, and read as follows: 'Master of S.S. Baron reports that he passed close to a floating mine at 6 A.M. to-day about half a mile northeast of No. 15 buoy. Report appears to be reliable.' Jones replaced the code in its box and climbed up into the wheel-house again. 'Well, skipper, how is the Sandfly getting on now?' 'She is catching us up a bit, sir,' said the skipper, rather reluctantly, 'so I've whistled down to tell Arthur to give her all he can.' Arthur was the chief engineer, also a Hull man, and the two saw, eye to eye, on all matters which concerned the reputation of their ship or their native port.

'Going fast enough for us after all, is she?' said Jones with a smile. 'Anyhow, here's another of these floating mines reported, so we shall have to slip our sweeps and go down to have a look for it. Signalman, hoist the signal to wheel four points to starboard, and have the signal to slip ready.'

The flags for the wheel were duly hoisted, and Jones stood watching the other five trawlers' masts for the signal to be repeated. 'All repeated except the John Brown, sir,' said the signalman down the voice-pipe. After waiting three or four minutes the signal was slowly repeated in the John Brown; the order to haul down the signal was then given, and the six trawlers turned in good formation to starboard and steered out away from the channel which they had been sweeping.

This necessary precaution was always carried out before slipping the sweeps, as it is quite possible for a pair of trawlers to have a mine in their sweep for some time without knowing it, and should they slip while still in the channel the mine might remain undetected in the path of shipping.

When about a mile clear of the channel the signal to slip was hoisted and duly repeated by all five without loss of time, and for the next ten minutes steam was to be seen pouring out of the funnels of the trawlers as they lay in the trough of the sea heaving in their wire hawsers with their huge steam winches.

When the last one had finished, Jones

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gave the order to hoist the signal to form single line abreast to starboard, ships one mile apart, course to be steered southeast. Again the John Brown was the last ship to repeat the signal.

'Haul down,' said Jones, 'and now hoist to John Brown, "Pay more attention to signals."' The John Brown's answering pendant was kept at half-mast for some time, before being hoisted close up to indicate that the signal was understood. 'Must think we've made a mistake in our signal, and that it can't be meant for him,' growled Stephens, who had been gazing at the trawler for some minutes through his glasses.

The signal to look out for floating mines was then hoisted, and this was slowly repeated down the fast extending line of ships, who by this time were opening out on the five-mile front they had been ordered to take up.

A careful observer would have noticed a man climbing up on to the forecastle head of each trawler, from which position he was able to locate any object floating in the water close under the bows.

This formation was maintained for the next few hours, but nothing was seen. The line of trawlers covered and extended about two miles each side of the ship channel, and made it quite certain that any mine floating in or near the channel would be seen.

It was now about 5 P.M., and there were only about four hours more daylight. Jones ordered the signal to be hoisted to turn together sixteen points, and as the signal was hauled down each trawler turned completely round, and commenced to retrace her steps.

'I think it must be a false alarm, after all,' said Jones to Stephens, who had just come on deck again to keep the first watch, 'but we'll run back over the spot again before dark to make sure we have n't missed it. I have had a look at the tides, and by now the mine ought to be in the same spot as where it was seen, and what wind there has been has been up and down the channel, I don't see how we could have missed it if it was there.'

'No,' said Stephens, 'nor me neither; but I don't place much reliance in these reports from merchant ships — more likely a porpoise or an old tin can than a mine. It's my opinion, sir,' he continued, 'that we shan't get any mines up here this year; depend upon it, the spies in Hull have told these Germans that we are up here sweeping, and they'll know it would be waste of time sending any up here now.'

'I don't know about that,' said Jones, 'but certainly so far this year they have rather neglected us. Mr. Rendle in the Foam was very indignant about it the other night in the mess, and blamed our Admiralty for it. He wanted me to write a letter to complain about it, but I said that I was afraid it would not come under the heading of a legitimate grievance, as defined by the King's Regulations and Admiralty Instructions. He insisted, though, that some one was responsible for what he called the dull time he was having, and thought that the Admiralty and the Foreign Office might share the blame equally, and said that so far in this war everything went to show that people who were far from home were neglected by the authorities.'

'Well, sir,' said Stephens, 'it may be dull, but I prefer it to too much liveliness. I had a letter from my brother-in-law, who is working out of Lowestoft, by last mail, and he said that things there were altogether too lively for his way of thinking, though he could not say much, of course, on account of this 'ere censor.'

'It will be dark in a couple of hours,' said Jones, 'and we shall have to give up this wild-goose chase. Hulloa, what is that?'

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'The Scurry has got something up, sir,' said the signalman, 'but I can't distinguish the flag, and the John Brown has not repeated it.'

'Edge in towards her,' said Jones to the skipper, as he tried to keep his telescope focused on the small piece of bunting floating half-way up the mast of the distant trawler. 'I wish this confounded ship would keep still,' he added a moment later, 'I can't keep my telescope on it for a second.'

'Why, sir, she's a deal quieter than the Sandfly there,' said the skipper in an aggrieved voice; 'you ought to be in one of those Aberdeen boats for a bit to know what a really lively ship is.'

'Rubbish,' said Jones, irritably; 'all these blooming trawlers are the same, but I am pretty sure that it is the flag for a floating mine in sight.'

At that moment the lookout on the forecastle announced that he could plainly hear rifle-firing. 'Hoist the signal to cease firing at once,' said Jones. 'I hope to goodness they won't hit it, as I particularly want to examine it to see what type it is.'

By this time the Sir Thomas Dancer was closing the trawler which had sighted the mine, for a mine it undoubtedly was, and though they had been firing at it for some minutes it could still be seen bobbing about on the surface. As the signal to cease fire was repeated the firing gradually ceased. The Sir Thomas Dancer steamed slowly up and stopped about fifty yards from the mine.

'Who the devil is that firing still?' said Jones angrily, as a bullet whipped up the water about thirty yards from the ship, and quite a hundred yards from the mine.'

'The John Brown, sir,' said the signalman promptly.

'Damn the John Brown,' said Jones; 'tell her to come within hail.'

Meanwhile every glass and telescope in the ship was leveled on the mine. 'It looks very low in the water,' said Stephens. 'I expect one of them sharpshooters must have hit it after all. I think I can make out a hole between the two right-hand horns.'

'Yes,' said Jones, 'it will sink all right in the end, but I believe that mine is moored. Can't you see a ripple going past it.'

For the next few minutes every eye was endeavoring to detect signs of a ripple, which would show that the mine was held in its position by moorings. It was soon evident that Jones had been right: the mine heeled over gradually to the tide, which was beginning to 'make,' leaving a distinct wake on the surface of the water, and a few minutes later it disappeared.

'By Jove,' exclaimed Jones, 'there's no error about that — it is a moored mine of quite a new type, so you can be sure that it is not the only one that has been laid. That particular one won't cause us any more trouble now, as it will soon sink with that hole in it, once it gets down below the surface.'

He rapidly took bearings of the two channel buoys still in sight in the failing twilight, to enable the position of the mine to be placed on the chart, and then moving the ship about half a mile clear of the channel, he told the signalman to tell the Scurry and the Ben Nevis, the two subdivision leaders who were with him, to come within hail.

'Ay, ay, sir,' sang out the signalman, 'here's the John Brown close under the quarter.'

Jones had forgotten about the John Brown, but picking up the megaphone he walked out on to the veranda and hailed her. The smiling face of a man of about fifty years of age looked out of the wheel-house window and politely wished him good evening.

'Good evening, skipper,' said Jones;

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'I wanted to find out why your signalman is so slow — he is always last, and delays everybody.'

'Well, sir,' said the skipper, with a broad Tyneside accent, 'you told me to pick out the most suitable man for signalman when we commissioned, and I chose this man on account of his having been a signalman for three years before he joined up. Still, I will say that he don't behave at all as if he was used to the work, and it's my belief he knows no Morse at all.'

Jones raised his megaphone to the level of the upper bridge, where the signalman was standing, and hailed him. 'Why are you so slow at repeating and answering signals? You are the worst signalman in the whole fleet, and there is no excuse for you at all, if you have had three years' experience before you joined up.'

'I does my best, sir,' replied the signalman, 'but I'd like to explain that there was some little misunderstanding between me and the skipper over this signaling job. The day before we sailed, the skipper, he asked if any of us deck-hands had done any signaling before, and none of us said nothing until one of the blokes said, "Why, this man has been a signalman for three years." So the skipper he says, "All right, Joshua Tancred, you take on signal duties," and would not give me the chance of hexplaining the mistake.'

'I don't understand,' said Jones; 'what was the mistake?'

'Why, sir, my signaling that I used to do before the war was altogether different to anything of this sort. I was attached to one of them there steam-rollers.'

'Well, you must try and improve,' said Jones, doing his best not to laugh; 'at present you are the worst signalman in the squadron.'

'I am sure I always does my best sir,' said the man, looking rather hurt.

'All right, skipper,' said Jones, 'you will stay in company with me to-night. Oh, by the bye, why did you go on firing long after everyone else had ceased, and who was it who was shooting so infernally badly — he nearly hit us?'

'It was our petty officer here,' said the skipper. 'He tells me he was a marksman last time he went through the range.'

'When was that?' said Jones to the petty officer, a white-bearded man of anything up to sixty years of age, who was standing on the upper deck.

'In '96, sir, when I was requalifying after paying off the Ramillies; but I'm afraid my eyesight ain't what it was.'

'Here's the Scurry alongside the other side, sir,' sang out the signalman from the upper bridge.

Jones walked round the veranda to the other side and raised his megaphone. The R.N.R. lieutenant poked his head out of the wheel-house window and saluted. 'Oh, Hulton, will you take the Sandfly and go down the channel to the southward for fifteen miles and intercept any shipping that may be on its way north? If you manage to stop anyone, sweep them through at daylight, but, anyhow, meet me here again at 5 A.M.'

'All right, sir,' sang out Hulton. The ring of the engine-room telegraph could be plainly heard, and he and the Sandfly were soon out of sight in the darkness as they made their way south.

The Ben Nevis was then given similar orders to go to the northward, and before long the Sir Thomas Dancer was lying to a stream anchor on the end of her wire within about a mile of where the mine had been sighted, with the John Brown keeping close to her.

Jones then set to work coding wireless signals to the senior naval officer and to the various patrols and units, reporting what he had found and suspected, giving instructions for all

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traffic to be held up for the present, and ordering eight more trawlers to make their way down to join him at daylight.

After eating his supper and smoking a pipe or two, Jones settled down to get what rest he could; but it was a long time before he could go to sleep. He wondered what the morrow would have in store for his ships and men, and whether they would really find a big mine-field or not; and when at last he did drop to sleep he was constantly disturbed by dreams. He dreamed that he was being pursued down a road by a fast and heavy-looking steam roller, which was trying to catch him, and standing on top of the roller was a man in naval uniform, who was Morsing very fast and quite unintelligibly with a large red flag. At last things in his dream got very serious indeed, and, just as he seemed about to be squashed flat, the monster fell with a loud crash into the ditch close to him, and Jones woke with a start to hear the mate's voice from the wheel-house, 'It's come on thick as a hedge, sir, and there's just been a big explosion away to the south'd or east'd, which sounded like a mine going off.'

Jones hurried up into the wheel-house and looked out. It was literally as thick as a hedge, and any attempt to go to the rescue of the luckless ship which had struck the mine they had heard would have been sheer madness, especially as they had very little idea from where the explosion had come. He summoned the wireless operator, and told him to call up the Scurry and find out if they had anything to report, and was relieved to get an answer almost at once to say 'No,' but he remained on deck for the rest of the night listening, and cursing the fog.

By 4 A.M., however, a gentle land breeze sprang up with the first streak of daylight, and by 4.30 the visibility had improved to about a mile. The anchor was weighed, and, with the John Brown following, Jones made his way slowly back to the rendezvous, and by 5 A.M. was gratified to find that the twelve trawlers ordered to meet him there had arrived in spite of the fog.

He hastily inquired if anyone else had heard the explosion in the night, and though all four who had been with him the day before had heard it, no one could say where it had occurred.

This was not surprising when one remembers that the explosion of a mine can be distinctly felt and heard for twenty miles on a calm night.

Orders were then given to commence the day's sweeping as soon as possible. The fourteen trawlers were divided into two groups of seven; Rendle in the Foam was told off to take charge of the group which was to sweep north, and Jones took charge of the others himself, intending to follow the channel to the southward.

The slowest trawler in each group was left out of the sweeping as spare number, ready to sink any mines which might be brought to the surface or to fill a gap if one occurred, and the remaining six pairs passed their sweeps and proceeded.

Jones led the line of sweepers to the southward in the Sir Thomas Dancer with the John Brown as his partner, steering so as to pass close to the channel buoys. The other two pairs with him were on his quarter in echelon, so that they covered as large an area as possible without leaving any gaps.

Orders were given to all the men who could be spared to remain on the upper deck, and all hands wore their life-belts.

There were many anxious faces to be seen that early morning in the cold gray twilight, and there was no need to warn the lookouts not to go to sleep, as everyone realized that at any moment a mine might explode and

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blow their small craft to bits under their feet. But by the time half an hour had passed things became more normal, and Jones sent down to the galley for his third cup of cocoa.

He was in the act of drinking this when the ship gave a sudden lurch and shudder and a terrific explosion occurred close under the quarter. At first nothing could be seen but a huge column of water and a dense mass of black smoke, but as these cleared away everyone was relieved to see the John Brown evidently undamaged.

The mate, who was on the upper deck, sang out to say that the explosion had parted the sweep wire, so Jones at once signaled to the pair astern of him to take his place as leader of the line, and commenced rapid preparations for joining up the sweep again astern of the last pair.

In a few minutes a signal from the now leading pair of trawlers announced that a mine had broken surface in their sweep, and some lively though futile rifle practice was made by the men with rifles in an endeavor to sink it before it got too far astern.

The odd trawler then bustled up to perform her allotted work, and after expending about forty rounds of ammunition a lucky shot struck one of the horns, and up it went with a loud explosion.

A number of small pieces of mine fell on the decks of the trawler, and there was a scramble for these much-prized souvenirs.

Meanwhile the Sir Thomas Dancer and John Brown had managed to join up their sweep again and were following the other two pairs.

To join up it is necessary for the two trawlers to come quite close to one another to pass the hawser from one to another, and on this occasion there had been a good deal of chaff between the two crews on the advantage which the change in the position in the line had brought to the John Brown in the way of probable immunity from striking a mine.

The two leading trawlers in a sweep of this sort both run equal chances of striking a mine, the odds against such a misadventure being about 30 to 1 for every mine they sweep up. In the case of the other pairs astern, however, one of each pair is sheltered by the sweep of the pair ahead.

In this case the change had resulted in the John Brown being the sheltered ship, whereas the Sir Thomas Dancer was the outside ship, and so took equal chances with the leaders.

As the ships separated again to open out their sweep-wire, Jones hailed the skipper of the John Brown. 'Look out you overlap properly, skipper, and don't leave a gap, whatever you do.' 'All right, sir,' said the old skipper with a grin, 'I'll look out for that.'

It was now about 8 A.M., and Jones was contemplating breakfast, when a shout from the lookout man announced that the second pair had swept up another mine, and Jones and several of the men in the ship amused themselves with some long-range firing at it with rifles as it passed them well away on the beam.

The spare trawler came up almost at once and commenced firing at it, and after about five minutes it slowly sank, riddled with holes.

Jones then retired down below to breakfast, and was on his way up the ladder again when another big explosion occurred close at hand. He rushed up and looked out through the open windows. For several seconds there was nothing to be seen, and then, as the smoke cleared away, the remains of what had been the John Brown were seen rapidly disappearing.

For a minute or more not a word was spoken; a deathly stillness seemed to

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have fallen on everyone, and it was obvious that everyone in the ship was deeply affected. Their own friends, men with whom they had been chaffing five minutes before, had been literally blotted out of existence in an instant; at least, it appeared at the moment impossible for anyone to be alive.

Then the men recovered themselves, and there was a rush to get the clumsy boat out. The Sir Thomas Dancer steered over towards the scene of the disaster, and almost at once there were shouts from the lookout that there were several men in the water, and one of them anyhow seemed to be alive.

The boat was got out in marvelously quick time, and the man was rescued from the icy-cold water and laid in the bottom of the boat, and a rapid search was made among the floating wreckage for others. Two more mangled corpses were picked up, but the remaining eleven men had all gone down with their ship.

The mine had done its work most thoroughly, and with the exception of the one man, who it turned out had been standing right in the bows of the ship, every soul was killed.

The warmth of the Sir Thomas Dancer's cabin, a stiff tot of brandy, and a change of clothes worked marvels, and three days later the man had returned to duty apparently none the worse.

'What a ghastly thing,' said Jones to Stephens, who was standing near him in the wheel-house; 'I would have sooner it had happened to almost anyone else than that skipper, he was such a particularly nice man, and it was so funny that he should have the same name as his ship.'

'Why, sir, she was his own ship which he had built for him before the war, and he used to fish in her regular, and seven of the crew were relations of his,' said Stephens. 'He was one of the best-known men, and one of the best fishermen out of Shields.'

'I never knew that,' said Jones, 'and I must say I wish now that I had n't strafed that signalman yesterday. Poor chap, he said he was doing his best, and certainly he could not have done more than he has now. Well, I suppose we must get to work again, and we shall have to sweep with the Sparrow now.'

The six trawlers retraced their steps for several miles and then re-formed line and sweeping was continued, but except for one more explosion in the sweep of the second pair nothing more was found that day.

About 4 o'clock in the evening the lookout reported an object in sight about five miles ahead, which he thought was not unlike a submarine. It was a perfectly calm evening, and there was a great deal of mirage about.

The most extraordinary effects are produced by this mirage or refraction on the horizon. Sometimes a ship will appear upside down, and sometimes the real and the inverted images will both be visible, one above the other. A buoy will sometimes look like a factory chimney, and sometimes like a low flat island.

No one seriously thought it was in the least likely that it was really a submarine; these elusive craft are not fond of trawlers, and are not in the habit of waiting considerately on the surface till trawlers approach them.

When the object in question was close enough to be distinguished, she turned out to be a portion of a small sailing schooner with the main lower-mast standing. She had evidently struck a mine and had been completely cut in half, the stern of the ship being practically undamaged. A boat was dispatched to examine her, but there were no men on board, though it subsequently transpired that three of the men who had been asleep in the cabin

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had been unhurt and had escaped in a dinghy which was hanging over the stern.

'That is satisfactory,' said Jones, 'that accounts for the explosion we heard last night; I was afraid it might have been a big cargo vessel.'

At eight o'clock that night the thirteen trawlers rendezvoused to compare notes and arrange the next day's sweeping. Before dropping anchor the melancholy task of burying the two men who had been picked up from the John Brown was carried out. The bodies had been carefully prepared for burial, the trawlers all stopped close together and the white ensigns were all lowered to half mast.

The touching words of the burial service were read by Jones, and at the conclusion of the appointed prayers in the Prayer Book he turned to the prayer for those at sea and read the words which might have been specially written for men engaged in the work on which they were employed — 'that we may be a security for such as pass on the seas upon their lawful occasions, . . . and that we may return in safety. to enjoy the blessings of the land with the fruits of our labors.'

The trawlers then anchored in a small bay for the night, and the work of plotting the mines destroyed on the chart and arranging for the next day's labors was undertaken.

It was after eleven before any of the officers were in bed, and the ships weighed again at 3.30 A.M., as it was imperative that no time should be wasted in clearing the channel. Shipping was being held up at both ends, and even in 1916 shipping was too valuable to be allowed to waste an hour more than could be helped.

One more trawler joined up at daylight, and the fourteen recommenced their work in exactly a similar manner as they had done the previous day and continued it till dark.

It was three days later, and the captain's clerk in the senior officers' ship had just settled down to his afternoon sleep (or 'cork' as he called it). Not that he was in the habit of sleeping regularly during the afternoons, but he had been up a large part of the night coding messages, and the afternoon was hot, and the mosquitoes were unusually active on the upper deck.

He was awakened about 2.30 by the messenger from the wireless room, who handed him a coded message. It must be left entirely to the reader's imagination to guess what that clerk said, but he did say it all, and his earlier education in a gun-room had not been wasted.

Still, in spite of what he said and thought, he hurried off to interpret the signal.

It read as follows: 'Sir Thomas Dancer to H.M.S. Batchy. Channel now clear for traffic to proceed. Twenty-six mines destroyed.'

Five minutes later the masts of the cruiser were decked with flags instructing the fleet of merchant ships to proceed, and the motor boat with the boarding officer was flitting about among them, urging them to hurry up and get away.

Before dark that night over one hundred merchant vessels, loaded with every sort and kind of war material, had weighed and were proceeding down the swept channel. Everyone of them arrived at their destination safely.

About midnight that same night fourteen weary trawlers felt their way into the anchorage, and almost before the anchors were on the bottom the whole of the crews were fast asleep, absolutely worn out with the strain of five days' perpetual sweeping in a mine-field.

Blackwood's Magazine

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MR. BOOTH TARKINGTON THROUGH BRITISH EYES

BY R. ELLIS ROBERTS

I

A ROMANTIC, incurably, defiantly. That would have been the critic's first impressions of Booth Tarkington. I believe a great many critics, having received that impression from reading *Monsieur Beaucaire* and *A Gentleman from Indiana*, stoutly stuck to their opinions, read no more of Mr. Tarkington, and call him still a romantic. Yet even in the first two books there were signs: I remember, years ago, finding *Monsieur Beaucaire* in the *Idler*, during that brief period when Mr. Sime edited that chameleon magazine, and devouring it eagerly. It is an immoderately competent essay in costume. It has n't a flaw. You know its surface as you know the surface of a statue by Canova. There are no surprises — even the surprise of the Duc's discovery is as certain as sunrise. Lewis Waller added nothing to its direct, theatrical appeal. It is a great achievement in a small way. Beside it such an effort as *The Passionate Elopement* seems overdone — a whole shopful of scholarly curiosities beside one perfect piece. Yet, in spite of its false, triumphant unity it did, I swear, betray personality. For one thing there was an interest in clothes, which still obsess Mr. Tarkington. And although the tale was romantic, I suspected a capacity for satire, and I was positive that sentiment was more deep rooted in Mr. Tarkington than was romance. And in all his books since he has been proving that I was right.

The difference between romance and sentiment is easy to see, but not so easy to state. Romance is an attitude to facts, sentiment is a window through which a man sees truth. The romantic may refuse to admit facts — he will, for instance, go on calling war glorious; the sentimentalist will transfigure his facts. Or, take instances: Barrie, Shaw, Goldsmith, Sterne, Euripides are sentimentalists; Mr. Locke, Rider Haggard, Dumas, Scott are romantics. I doubt if there was ever a Latin — Dumas of course was negro — who was really a romantic; but the greatest sentimentalists, as the great cynics and the great pessimists, have all been Latin. To be a great romantic author, as was Scott, you color your material; a great sentimentalist cares nothing about the material. He can turn anything into matter of sentiment. You can see how true this is by choosing something ludicrous — a romantic author can do nothing with toothache; a great sentimentalist might make a masterpiece out of it. Did not Barrie go even lower and score a huge success?

There were traces, as I say, of his essential quality in Mr. Tarkington's early books; but the reader will find those traces clearly manifested in the book of short stories *In the Arena*. Mr. Tarkington was rash enough to indulge in a political career — something which, in the U.S.A., is to our politics as their football is to ours — and he evidently tried to get even with the Indiana legislature by his stories. As short stories they are neither particularly good, nor particularly bad. They are nowhere near Mr. Tarking-

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ton's later work in craftsmanship or feeling; but the book stamps him definitely as sentimentalist — the greatest, perhaps, in English fiction since Thackeray; and with as little leanings to romance as had the author of *Rebecca and Rowena*. The likeness to Thackeray's early work is very evident in what is, perhaps, the most noteworthy of these stories — *Mrs. Protheroe*. In it Mr. Tarkington gives a new version of the old siren incident — his Odysseus a senator from the country — his siren a fascinating lobbyist for a Bill which, if passed, will increase the value of her property. The thing is crude, rather staccato, and invested with a deliberate contrast of boorishness and grace — a contrast which once again reminds us how important to Mr. Tarkington are clothes, manner, the gesture. He does not, as Thackeray, give his readers the author's comments on the situation; but he has his own method of underlining, less direct but no less emphatic than Thackeray's.

His next book is almost written in italics. Mr. Tarkington himself now despises *The Conquest of Canaan*, which appeared in 1905 and immediately seized on success. To me it seems a far from despicable story. It has, as has a great deal of the work of the greatest imaginative artists, a strong flavor of the fairy story. That is as it should be. He was in the middle thirties in 1905 — he was born the same year as Mr. Kipling — and to Mr. Tarkington, a man of slowly developing temperament, the middle thirties were evidently exuberant youth. Youth will believe either in black hell or in fairies. The desire for the magic carpet, the passion for the good all-conquering sword, the love for the fairy prince and his — alas! generally blonde — princess, are proper to youth. In *The Conquest of Canaan*, Mr. Tarkington gave us the younger son kind of story: it is full of generous hope and pleasant make-believe, and the transforming kindness which really does occur in this world far more frequently than the pessimists admit. There are grave flaws in the tale: that is one reason why it seems more promising than *Monsieur Beaucaire*. The villainous Judge Pike, who defends the fairy princess and defames the prince, is a trifle too ogreish. And then he should not be forgiven. Ogres are made for decapitation or transfixion. Towards the end of his story Mr. Tarkington passes from the legitimate fairy story to the modern pantomime — there is that arranging sound behind the scenes which heralds the transformation scene, and the reader is suddenly over-aware of the footlights. Still it is, in its youthful way, a charming book. And it is the first novel in which Mr. Tarkington's humor gets anything like enough scope. The chorus of old men in the club who do nothing but discuss and gossip and quarrel, is in the big style; and big, too, in a simple way, is Joe Louden himself — the ugly duckling, black sheep of a fairy prince, if I may be allowed to mix my nursery metaphors. Ariel Tabor, however, the princess, is less successful. She has only relative qualities, as is the case with a great many of Mr. Tarkington's women. It is difficult to see her apart from Joe Louden, apart from her love for him, whereas he would have been much the same whether loved by Ariel or another. In short, she is a fairy princess, born to wait and be wooed.

Three years later Mr. Tarkington published an odd essay in fiction — *The Guest of Quesnay*. The scene of the book is in France; its motive is the effect of shock on character. The hero, Harrabee Harman, a blackguard of the first water, has a motor accident — the accident wipes his mind clean. He becomes as a babe, and has to be taught

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as a child is taught. With this fantastic, semi-psychological business Mr. Tarkington has no sort of success. One only has to compare the book with any of Wells, or with Mr. Machen's intense, troubled studies, or the less occult but mysteriously searching stories of Vincent O'Sullivan, to see how bad *The Guest of Quesnay* is. Yet there are astonishingly good things in this book. There is a divine waiter, 'the most hen-like waiter in France'; there is vivid coloring, strong and clean; there is an excellent sketch of New York low life in the person of Mr. Earl Percy; and there is one girl, Anne Elliott — a bold choice in names — who can call cousins with Dolly of the *Dialogues* for wit, and is a far more attractive creature.

It gives, too, does this book, an extreme instance of Mr. Tarkington's preoccupation with clothes — men's clothes. The story is told by an American painter resident in France. Quite early in the book he informs us that his friend's sister, Elizabeth Ward, 'appreciated my going to some pains with the clothes I wore when I went to their house': and at a dinner party in the remote country given by this same Elizabeth, the unfortunate painter is forced to meditate thus:

> Looking over the men of the Quesnay party — or perhaps I should signify a reversal of that and say a glance of theirs at me — revealed the importance of a particular length of coat-tail, of a certain rich effect obtained by widely separating the lower parts of the waistcoat, of the display of some imagination in the buttons upon the same garment, of a doubled-back arrangement of cuffs, and of a specific design or dimension of tie. Marked uniformity in these matters denoted their necessity; and clothes differing from the essential so vitally as did mine must have seemed immodest, little better than no clothes at all.

The poor devil, it should be explained, was wearing a suit bought 'four, five, or six years ago': this business of raiment is important, symbolically. I shall return to it later.

Before considering Mr. Tarkington's best novels — *The Flirt*, *Turmoil*, and *The Magnificent Ambersons* — I must cry the praise of those inimitable books about childhood and youth — *Penrod*, *Penrod and Sam*, and *Seventeen*. They are as different in their humor, their observation, their veracity, as *Huckleberry Finn* or *The Golden Age*. The episode of Penrod and the tar is Homeric in its gay simplicity and directness, as Dickens is Homeric. There are things one does not quite understand. In *Seventeen* that entrancing little girl Jane, Willie Barter's sister, is encouraged to talk by her mother in a way which would be considered sneakish over here; and it is quite impossible for me to believe that even in the coolest winter any grown-up person, male or female, would have tolerated Miss Pratt — 'one of the noblest' as poor Willie calls her. This is how this excruciating girl of sixteen years old talks — to everyone, mind you:

> 'Oh, goody-cute! Here's big Bruvva Josie-Joe. Stroke big Bruvva Josie-Joe's pint teeks, darlin' Flopit. . . . 'At's nice! Stroke him gently, p'eshus Flopit, an' nen we'll coax him to make pitty singin' for us, like us did yestiday.' She turned to William. 'Coax him to make pitty singin'? I *love* his voice — I'm dest crazy over it. Is n't oo'?'

This horrible child burbles and lisps through a hot summer in this way, and no one kills her. The thing is as incredible as it is indecent. Miss Pratt would have been murdered by goaded parents. I shiver to think of the agony Mr. Tarkington must have undergone while transmitting the creature's conversations. It hurts to read it. *Seventeen* is as good, though, as *Penrod*. Never has there been quite such a study in calf love; and never, I insist, has there been a more desirable child than Jane, the infatuated William's sister.

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With Mr. Tarkington's three principal novels one comes up against a problem which confronts one in nearly all American fiction — the problem of clothes, of money, of relative values. No reader of *Beaucaire*, of *Cherry*, of *Turmoil*, can deny Mr. Tarkington's real allegiance to art — the richer because it is not confused with any false and fidgety drawing room *décor;* but no reader can avoid seeing that he is inclined to deal with art and the artist as if they were on the defensive. Of course, in a sense, they are. All over the world at all times the artist is attacked, or complacently ignored, by the practical men, the business men, the men of affairs. And, except for rash Whistler (who was an American), the artist is content to let the big men make the big noise. When very young he may enjoy shocking the bourgeois; later in life he is content to leave them alone. He has conviction; his is the truth and the beauty, and the desire of the world. Why should he scramble in the gutter and the counting house to prove it? That is the normal attitude of the ordinary European artist, good or bad. And the normal European man of business has an attitude not altogether dissimilar. He does not strive over-much to prove to the minor poet that dividends of twenty per cent are worth sweating for. The old world is content to leave the age-long quarrel — except that, if anyone is uneasy, it is not the poet: for after all a poor poet can understand quite a splendid stockbroker: but it takes a perfect Napoleon of a drummer to comprehend even a Vorticist.

Now Mr. Tarkington reverses all this. If we are to believe the picture of American society in *The Flirt*, *Turmoil*, and *The Magnificent Ambersons*, it is the artist who is uneasy in the States. To return to the clothes in *The Guest of Quesnay*. Mr. Tarkington is laughing; but he is laughing a little grimly. It seems to him stupid, no doubt, but not incoherent, inconsequent, or unnatural, that a grown man and an artist, aged about thirty-five, should pay attention to the fact that his coat is cut differently from the coats of other men. Of course, we have similar problems here: Kipps, for instance, gets unduly distressed over his apparel. But Kipps is in a state of transition from one grade of society to another. The painter in *The Guest of Quesnay* is in no doubt about his social position — he is simply rather humorously worried in case his fellow guests should not know he was a gentleman because his clothes are four years old. That seems to me a very horrible thing. I don't want to stress the question of actual raiment too much; but this devastating uncertainty is a symbol of a greater evil. I have never been in the States, and so write with diffidence; but if one may judge from popular fiction at all, there is a real risk in America of good people, sound people, accepting false standards. False standards, standards of success, of money, of bought rank and herited stupidity, exist here; but not among the people who matter. In the States the men who should rule the world become slaves to it. The poet is humble before the plutocrat, and does not think he is doing wrong.

Take Bibbs. Bibbs is the hero of *Turmoil*, a novel which nearly achieves greatness. He is a freak in the family. His father, his brothers, are hard, noisy, money-making men, with a great deal of shrewdness and natural kindness. Bibbs is nervous, sensitive, and a third-rate minor poet. Well, Bibbs behaves as if he were the worst yellow dog which ever slunk after the heels of po' white trash, scared from the doorstep by a stout nigger. He knows he is nearer the truth, nearer reality than his family. But he can't act as if he

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were. He has pluck, and spirit, and humor — but merely because he does n't like noise, and has no head for finance, he is despised. Even his mother is gravely sorrowful about him, absorbed in her adoring affection for her husband. Now, in England or in France, it would not be possible for a man to behave with the brutality and idiocy Sheridan exhibits towards his son. At the worst somebody would have helped Bibbs to run away.

Turmoil remains Mr. Tarkington's best novel: but his latest, *The Magnificent Ambersons*, runs it very close. Here he takes us back to that old mahogany age which we are now able to regard with sentimental eyes: it was different when we actually had to sit on horsehair. This portrait of George Amberson — young George, spoiled, violent, selfish, and yet charming to his mother and to one girl — is a bitter exercise in egotism. One wonders again how George was let grow up such a baby and remain such a cub; he is almost as ill-mannered as Mrs. Ward's Oxford paragon. No doubt Mrs. Amberson explains a good deal. In her Mr. Tarkington has drawn an amazingly successful character. He has contrived to show us a devoted, doting mother, to spare nothing of her weakness, and yet to show her as well as a patient wife, a gay friend, and an experienced lover. I do not remember any character in recent fiction so much in three dimensions as Isabel Amberson. George is, in his way, a complementary portrait to Cora, *The Flirt*. I am not sure whether Mr. Tarkington knows how really horrid George is. He spares him not at all; but he seems to expect the reader to forgive him, and that is too difficult. He is sincere — he expresses himself, in the cant of the day: but self-expression is not enough. Long ago Matthew Arnold tried to convince the great public that it was not enough for the sinner and the criminal to stand proudly up, and say: 'I did as my conscience dictated.' Men have no right to be as stupid as George is, for the grossest stupidity springs from selfishness and egotism, both forms of pride which the wisdom of the Catholic Church long ago made the chief of the seven deadly sins.

It is that which is wrong with this hurried life of business, this rushing life of pleasure, this crowded life of society which Mr. Tarkington has drawn so admirably. The proud man, the man who worships his own success; the proud woman, who adores her own beauty — these are taken at their own valuation, even by the poets and painters, the lovers and the old wise men of the world. It is a view which Mr. Tarkington most evidently does not share. Like all sentimentalists, he has a strong vein of cynicism: and we know nothing more genuinely heart-rending, more morally destructive, than the vigorous way in which he tells of the gradual degradation of Bibbs, the slow absorption of the little, sensitive boy into the great money-making machine of the city. I like to think that he is drawing a condition of things which is already passing, that already, in those strange new crowded cities of industry, people are speaking quietly, yet persistently, against the gospel of self-help and efficiency, pronouncing definitely on the side of that other creed which proclaims that nothing matters but that the spirit of man should cling obstinately to the things of eternity.

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ON NEWSPAPER PROPRIETORS

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

THE weekly organ called the *Nation* might very appropriately be called the *Notion*. For it really excels, apart from all irony, in the suggestion of that sort of half-truth to which the word 'notion' can correctly be applied. Its present name, I need hardly say, is simply a joke in large letters. It is, quite simply and seriously, as if the *Church Times* were actually called the *Baptist*, or as if the *Morning Post* were actually called the *Fenian;* as if the chief vegetarian organ took the title of the *Butcher*, or the chief teetotal organ were called the *Bacchanal*. There is no doubt about it, and certainly no disguise about it. The editor keeps the word 'nation' as a title; but he almost invariably uses the word 'national' as a term of abuse. Nor does he narrowly confine his hatred to his own nationality; with a broader sense of the human brotherhood, he bestows it upon all nationalities, and sometimes rather specially upon certain small nationalities. I doubt whether he could claim to have sneered more persistently at English patriotism than at Polish patriotism or Serbian patriotism. He is truly international; and does not limit his native and sincere loathing to the narrow boundaries of his own land.

But, as I have said, though the *Nation* has nothing to do with nations, it has a great deal to do with notions; and they are often very interesting and valuable notions. I mean by a notion an incomplete idea; and half an idea is better than no intelligence. Mr. Massingham, the editor in question, is a man of great intelligence; and has distinguished himself very often by going further along the path of truth than any of his comrades or rivals, even if he never quite got there. He told much of the truth about Marconi; and is the only Liberal journalist alive who is not now kicking himself for having so successfully whitewashed Mr. George. He had the courage to mention the Secret Party Funds, in the days when nobody else mentioned them except ourselves. And he has recently made a somewhat similar movement in the same direction, in the particular passage with which I am concerned just now. In this case also the *Nation* got hold of half the truth; even half the truth is important, and this is a very important half. But in this case also what might have been an idea tailed off into a mere notion, which is ultimately fanciful and even false. A recent article, in the paper under discussion, actually recognized that the press is now simply the private property of an extremely small number of extremely rich men. That is, a newspaper is now about as much a popular organ as a coronet is a popular organ, or a ribbon of the Garter is a popular organ. The writer realizes that controlling journalism is now as narrow as the very narrowest aristocracy; and he proceeds to compare it with other and older forms of aristocracy. It is when he comes to this comparison that he rather abruptly misses the point. He says, truly enough, that there is a certain type of rich man who now tends to own newspapers, and, therefore, to order news. He says that

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this type resembles the type of the old brutal robber barons. This, it will be agreed, is rather a hard thing to say about the brutal robber barons. Nor do I believe that it would sound convincing to repeat the ballad of Chevy Chase with the names of Harmsworth and Hulton substituted for those of Douglas and Percy. The barons had some superiorities; including the fact that they were killed sooner. Some of us may even be so romantic as to think it a superiority that they were willing to be killed sooner. The primary peculiarity of the man who comes to the top, in our own plutocratic time, is that he need not necessarily have passed through any discipline, even a militarist discipline, and need not have any virtue, even a barbaric virtue. Anyhow, the experiment of putting two of our newspaper noblemen on horses in heavy armor, and throwing them at each other like thunderbolts in a tilting yard, is an experiment that has yet to be tried. It is possible that they would enjoy it; it is at least very probable that we should.

But the writer in the *Nation* not only compares the press monopolists to robber barons, but adds a phrase which interests me even more. He says that the type in question by its nature sees no further than national boundaries. It is by no means altogether true even of the mediæval lords; and it seems to me singularly untrue of the modern lords. Touching the practical and personal test once more, there is one question that must occur to most people in most cases. If the great plutocrats have grown up only in a narrow patriotism, what is their patriotism, and for what are they patriotic? The Harmsworths, for instance, are of Irish origin, I believe; and if they are Nationalists, they must be Irish Nationalists. If they are fanatics, we must look for them among the Fenians or Sinn Feiners; though it has hitherto been rather for a family than a nation that they have borne the motto of 'Ourselves Alone.' Anyhow, we should expect them to be concentrated on the cause of the Green Island; whereas, in truth, it has rather been Great Britain that has proved an exceedingly green island for their own pasturage. Lord Northcliffe has not concentrated on a national idea or any idea; he has concerned himself with a series of schemes and scoops as fleeting as music-hall songs. The banjo that once in Tararaboomdeay's halls the soul of music shed, now hangs silent if not exactly amid silence; and from the offices in Carmelite Street it is really a long way to Tipperary. Lord Beaverbrooke is not very likely to be a narrow Nationalist; but if he is, I suppose he is a Canadian Nationalist, among whom there are many very interesting and enthusiastic people. Indeed, his choice of a title carries picturesque localism to quite a peculiar length; it somehow suggests not so much an American as an American Indian. The beaver seems more fitted for a totem than a crest. Nevertheless, the reader may be surprised to hear, I cannot believe that he is singly sworn to champion the Canadian nation against all the nations of the earth; any more than I believe that he wields a tomahawk for the Ojibways against all the tribes of America; that he would die for the Dakotas, or knows no loves outside the wigwams of the Blackfeet. There are many other cases that could be followed out if space permitted. There are newspaper proprietors who, if they are Nationalists, must be Zionists; and I am sure I hope they are. But I do not believe it of the general types treated above; and I do not believe it because the *Nation's* notion of these men, who rule modern journalism, happens to be, from first to last, a hopelessly wrong notion.

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The modern newspaper proprietor is much more progressive than the *Nation* supposes; in fact he is a product of the progress that the *Nation* supports. He is generally an uneducated man; but for all that he is an outcome of modern education. Most outcomes of modern education are uneducated men. Our education is uneducation; its whole tendency is to unteach people the traditions of their fathers. And it is this negative character, in the second-hand and second-rate culture of uneducated people in our time, that is more determining than any positive thing, especially so positive a thing as patriotism. The truth is that the mind of a man of this sort has been swept clear of all positive convictions by the skepticism at the end of the nineteenth century. It is true that such a skeptic, like most other skeptics, gets his skepticism from authority; only it is, first, the wrong authority and, second, an authority he has not really consulted. He does not arrive at his free thought by thinking, or even by reading, but by rumor. He has not read Darwin; but he has a vague idea that Darwin has shown that men are monkeys who have left their tails behind them. Therefore, you will invariably find that he flings wide his hundred newspapers to receive anything about eugenics or evolution, or the suggestion that men can be bred like beasts. He has not read Ibsen; but he has a vague idea that Ibsen has shown that every house is a doll's house, and can be taken to pieces. Therefore, the press plutocrat will always placard the world with the need for divorce, and with every interference with domesticity; especially with those small houses which look most like dolls' houses and might easily come unglued. Chatsworth or Stafford House were toys rather too big to be broken. He has not read Tolstoi, the prophet of Mr. Massingham's religion; but he has a vague idea that Tolstoi has shown that the cross-hilted sword is a contradiction in terms; that there is some incompatibility between the cross and the crusade. Therefore, concluding that chivalry is as irrational as Christianity, he decides that war must be unchivalrous. Seeing only a compromise and a contradiction in the straight sword of the crusader, he prefers to conquer with the crooked sword of the Sultan. That notion, and not any national sentiment whatever, is responsible for anything called imperial or piratical in his foreign policy. He is a Jingo, but he is not a patriot; least of all an extreme or an extravagant patriot. For patriotism must at least be a love, even if it is as wild as a lust. There is nothing so positive as a love or lust in the stale and yawning cynicism of the yellow press. It is wholly negative and even nihilist; what is left in a dull mind after the destructive criticisms of the nineteenth century. Like the men who made a solitude and called it peace, they make an emptiness and call it enlightenment. It has already been noted that an open mind often means an empty mind; and Mr. Massingham will find that the millionaire newspaper proprietors have very open minds. The rich man who rules the world to-day looks like a man with an open mind; that is, he looks very like a man with an open mouth. Some would say he looks like a silly fellow; I am content to say that he does not look at all like a passionate and fanatical patriot. The diagnosis is incorrect; and the error of the newspaper trusts is not identical with the error which destroyed the Zealots in the fall of Jerusalem, or the Sinn Feiners of that awful Easter that was red rather than white.

The New Witness

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A PRISONER OF THE BOLSHEVIKI

SOME IMPRESSIONS IN THE FORTRESS OF ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL

BY HENRY PEARSON

DURING the twenty-five years of my life in Russia I frequently gazed at the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, and listened to the tales of horrible deeds perpetrated within those grim gray walls. But little did I think that I, a peaceable British subject, would ever be one of its tenants.

How came I to be arrested, on the charge of murder, and sentenced to be shot in a few hours, on the 31st of August last? I started off from home on a fine afternoon, carrying a small packet of sandwiches, as I intended, after calling at the British Embassy on business, to walk to the Elagin Island and the Point, and stroll about the Parks there. Almost everyone in Petrograd knows the red building where the Embassy is housed, bounded on one side by the French Quay, and on the other by the Mars Plain. I arrived there about 4.15; having finished my business, I was just preparing to go out of the small reception room which leads on to the principal staircase, when I heard a great hubbub and shouting. Suddenly a band of villainous-looking men, dressed as sailors, and led by commissaries, all armed with revolvers, burst into the room where I was with two members of the Consular Staff, and surrounded us, crying 'Hands up, or we fire.' We all put up our hands, and were led into the principal room, where most of the Consular Staff had already been rounded up. Still with hands up I was marched past the line of officials, and put near the door leading to the private reception room of our former Ambassador (Sir George Buchanan). No sooner had I been placed into line, than from the direction of the principal staircase a tremendous shooting commenced. Immediately all the commissaries rushed out, I presume, to see what was the matter; and, as I supposed this was the signal for the cold-blooded murder of everyone of us, still with hands up I sought for a way of escape. I wandered into the next room, and from thence through a corridor, where I saw another commissary who had been shot, holding his stomach and screaming out that he was dying. I made my way down a back staircase, and was surprised at the bottom by another band of sailors, all shrieking 'Shoot him, shoot him!' However, they did not shoot me, but instead dragged me down the stairs into the yard, then through a gateway and round by the back of the Embassy, along the side by the Suvoroff Square, and on to the Quay, where I was hustled into an open motor. All the time the sailors were screaming 'Hands up, or we'll shoot you!' One of them was told off to escort me to the Gorokhovaya Street, No. 2, the headquarters of the (so-called) 'Committee for dealing with counter-revolution and speculation.' As we jolted madly along (there is no speed limit for Bolsheviki)

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in the car, my brutal-looking captor held his revolver close to my forehead, threatening every moment to blow out my brains, and using all the vile epithets he knew (a Russian Bolshevik does know a lot of these), the least offensive being 'cursed Englishman' and 'English brigand'! He also informed me I was to be shot, in revenge for the murder of his comrades at Murman and Archangel, and likewise for those who were killed at the Embassy. In the confusion I had left my hat behind, and must have presented a weird spectacle to the onlookers, as I sat in the car, with hair flying in the wind, and a mad sailor raving at me and waving his revolver about. Seeing my parcel of sandwiches dangling by a string from my finger, he suddenly snatched it from me, screaming 'That's a bomb!' When I tried to explain that it was no bomb, but plain sandwiches, he crushed them in his hand and threw them in my face. Upon our arrival at Gorokhovaya, No. 2, I was hustled into a room on the ground floor, and the first person whom I saw was Mr. Woodhouse, the British Consul, who had been arrested the evening before, in the street on his way home. I was kept in this room for two hours, and then, after having been relieved of my passport, was shown into a small upper room, where I found the whole of the Consular Staff and the officers of the British Mission in Petrograd, and also the Reverend Mr. Lombard, the clergyman of the English Church. They had all been arrested at the Embassy and kept there under guard for about two hours; and, finally, had been marched through the streets, convoyed by Red Guards. From them I heard an account of all that had occurred at the Embassy, and of the murder of Captain Cromie, the naval officer who was formerly in charge of the British submarines in the Baltic. For some time previous the Bolsheviki had been in search of Captain Cromie, but he seems to have borne a charmed life, and until this time had managed to evade his pursuers. He was in the Embassy at the time of the raid, a fact of which his enemies, well informed by their spies, seem to have been aware. They are desperate men, many of them criminals of the worst type, and they stick at nothing. It is supposed that the sailors, at the command of the commissaries, attempted to arrest the Captain. It is not definitely known who fired the first shot, but, in consequence, the Captain was killed and his body mutilated by these ruffians. Their own report says that Captain Cromie shot three commissaries, one of whom was killed.

After waiting another couple of hours, we were taken out, one by one, for examination. As I happened to be nearest the door, I was chosen as the first victim, and led into the presence of two ferocious-looking Jews, acting as interrogating commissaries, and ordered to answer the questions put to me. The first commissary began to abuse me with all the vile language at his command, and demanded to know why England was making war upon the Bolsheviki and shooting down their comrades in Murman and Archangel; why our Government was plotting in Russia with the White Guards and the Czecho-Slovaks and all the counter-revolutionary parties; and how we dared to plan and commit the murder of their comrade Urtizky. I told him that, as a peaceable British subject, during the whole of my twenty-five years' sojourn in Russia, I had never interfered with Russia's internal politics, and if he wanted an answer to his charges, he must apply to the British Government through its ministers, as I was responsible only for my own actions. He then accused me

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of being in the Embassy for the purpose of plotting against the Bolsheviki, and of taking part in the shooting of their comrades there. This I denied, whereupon the second Jew, sitting on the opposite side of the room, screamed out that I was a liar, and that he had seen me in the act of shooting from a revolver, which I had subsequently thrown down, and then had run away. I asked him to speak according to his conscience, and refrain from lying, upon which he became still more furious. After writing out a protocol, in which I gave a true statement of my reasons for being in the Embassy, and related all I had seen there, I was ordered out into an anteroom, and told to await further examination. After another hour had passed, I was summoned into the presence of the second commissary, the one who had charged me with shooting in the Embassy. In the meantime he had changed rooms, and received me alone. He was in an absolute rage, and behaved like a madman, flourishing his revolver, and threatening to shoot me on the spot, asserting that all British people were deceitful and cunning swine, and finally assuring me that the Bolsheviki intended to organize a rising in England. He swore repeatedly, that within an hour I should be shot like a dog, and, in proof of this, wrote out my death warrant in red ink, a sure sign of 'smert' (death).

After this I was taken to the commandant, and shown into a room near the top of the building, containing about twenty bedsteads, with dirty mattresses, but no bedding. The room was crowded, I counted ninety-seven people. There were a few wooden benches standing near the walls, and with difficulty I managed to secure a seat on one of these. The place was filthy beyond description, and infested with all manner of vermin. All the prisoners were dumped down together. There were murderers, and thieves of the lowest possible type, rubbing elbows with officers of the former army; princes, counts, barons, members of old aristocratic families, members of the former government, generals, etc., well-educated people, their only crime being that they were intellectuals, and consequently counter-revolutionists. To be educated and to occupy any position of trust and authority is an all-sufficient reason for arrest and imprisonment. No food was given to us, and my only means of sustenance, for two days, were the two small sandwiches I had on me when arrested, and which the Bolsheviki graciously allowed me to retain. On the Monday afternoon I was allowed to have a small parcel of food from home.

On Tuesday all the British and French, along with some of the Russian aristocrats, were ordered to assemble for removal elsewhere; and then we learned that we were to be marched, guarded by a strong force of Red Guards, to the much-dreaded Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. All the tales of horror, suffering, and inhumanity, which I had heard and read of, in the dreaded dungeons, rose before my mind like an awful nightmare; and I asked myself, could it be possible that a body of free-born Britons were to be subjected to such cruelty and ignominy? However, we determined to show them we were not afraid of anything they might do to us, and we tried to laugh and joke and keep a cheerful countenance. So much so, that we were told it was no joking matter, as we should discover for ourselves. In the yard we were formed up in fours, and, closely guarded, were marched out under a strong escort, the members of the Consulate in front, and the civilians in the rear. Just as I was stepping out of the gateway into the street, I saw my

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younger daughter, who had been waiting five hours outside the prison, with food for me. She had repeatedly begged the Red Guards to let it through, but they had refused and threatened to shoot her. She bravely stuck to her post, and was at length rewarded by seeing us marched out. She rushed past the guard, and slipped the parcel into my hand, which was a mercy, as I got no other food for four days. We were marched, like felons, along the road to our destination, fully a mile away. We tried to keep up our spirits, and show cheerful faces, and many were the looks of pity and sympathy we got from the people along the line of march; but so cowed is everyone by the inhuman brutalities of the Bolsheviki, that none dared openly show their sympathy. I noticed several ladies crying as we passed, and one, when she saw us, put up her hands and covered her face to shut out the sight. All the time my daughter walked alongside on the parapet, but was not allowed to come near us in the roadway; and when we came to the gates of the Fortress, I called out and bade her good-bye, wondering if I ever should see her again.

All the way from the Gorokhovaya we had been escorted by a little Jew commissary of about seventeen years of age, seated in a powerful and elegant motor. He handed us over to the charge of the commandant of the Fortress, also quite a youth, who gave himself a lot of airs, and seemed, judging from his accent, to be a Lett from the Baltic provinces. With a supercilious smile he gave the order to form in twos. All the while I was wondering where we were to be placed, whether beneath the level of the river or not. To my intense relief we were marched to the Troubetskoy Bastion, to a corridor leading to the upper cells; corridor after corridor we traversed, meeting the anxious gaze of prisoners, peering out of the peep holes in the cell doors. It was a ghastly sight — those white faces of poor starving creatures, worn out by months of hunger and suspense and brutal treatment, their big staring eyes almost starting out of their sockets. We went on and on, through all the length of the passages, until five of us Englishmen were ordered to halt opposite the last cell but one, No. 71. The guard opened the cell door, and what a sight met our eyes! Fifteen men, all Russians, were lying on the cold, damp floor, and we were nearly suffocated by the foul air of the place. Can you imagine a cell originally constructed for one person, measuring ten feet by twenty, and about eight feet in height, with a small barred window set near the ceiling; a little door, with a peep hole near the centre, just big enough for a head to pass through; one small iron bedstead, minus mattress, bedclothes, or pillows; a little iron table riveted to the whitewashed wall; and floor of cement. Twenty men were confined in this small space! The only place to lie or sit was on the cold floor, swarming with vermin of various kinds. Most of the Russians had been months in this prison, and were mere skeletons, too weak to stand up, having tasted no food for four days. They were utterly dispirited and broken down, and dirty and filthy in the extreme, and what crime had they committed? Some had been officers in the former army; some had refused to join the Red army. They were all intellectuals, who had had the misfortune to spring from good families. None had been guilty of taking up arms against the Bolsheviki. Most of them were fine fellows and as soon as they learned we were British they squeezed up closer together, giving us the best places on the floor; but what a tight place was that cell, not an inch to spare, we were indeed 'cribbed, cabined, and confined,'

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and the air, as they say, you could have cut with a knife.

We had many interesting discussions with our Russian fellow sufferers. Most of them spoke English, some fluently, as well as French, German, and Russian. The whole burden of their cry was, When are the English soldiers coming, to liberate us from the brutal tyranny of the Bolsheviki and the Red army? Parcels of food had been brought for them by relations and friends, but the commandant refused to deliver them to the prisoners. Crowds of people, mothers, sisters, wives, asking for news of their dear ones, or bringing food and warm clothing for them, were driven away from the Fortress gates, and threatened with shooting or arrest. My daughter brought me a basket of provisions on the sixth day of my internment, but only after three days was I allowed to have it, when the cutlets had gone bad and were alive with maggots; and during this period all the nourishment I received was half a pint of liquid, misnamed soup, consisting of warm water, a few small bits of cabbage, and two or three rotten dried fish, like minnows. By bribing one of the soldiers, we got a message through to the Dutch Minister (who, after the attack on the British Legation, had been put in charge of British interests), and he went to the Bolshevik headquarters and protested. After this our parcels from home were taken to the Dutch Legation twice a week, and brought in the Legation motor by Mrs. Oudendyk, the wife of the Minister, to the back gate of the Fortress; and a few of the British prisoners were let out of the cells and allowed to bring the parcels straight to us. I wish to say here, how much we are indebted to the Dutch Minister and Mrs. Oudendyk. Had it not been for his energy and insistence, most of us would assuredly have been shot. In fact, for some hours after our arrest, our lives were not worth a moment's purchase. I was told this after my release from the Fortress, by Mr. Oudendyk himself. To Mrs. Oudendyk we owe a deep debt of gratitude for all her sympathy and kindness to us (by the way she is an Englishwoman). We endeavored to cheer up our Russian fellow prisoners, but hope had deserted their hearts, and all were depressed and discouraged by months of suffering and acute hunger and cruel treatment. The Bolsheviki have employed every form of cruelty it is possible to devise, and gloat over the sufferings of their victims. The movement is run almost exclusively by Jews. Nearly every commissary is a Jew, and nearly all speak English, most of them with an American accent.

To return to my own particular story, on the third night of my imprisonment in the Fortress we were awakened by the Red Guard singing out in the corridors, that we were to dress and get all our things together (as a matter of fact we never undressed at all, but slept in our clothes). The cell doors were unlocked, and we were told to form in twos in the corridor. The news passed round that we were to be taken down to the Neva and taken in barges to the much-dreaded Kronstadt. I cannot express the agony in my mind as we were driven at a trot to the entrance of the Fortress. Old men, of seventy and eighty years of age, were clubbed by the Red Guards with the butt ends of their rifles, many were knocked half senseless, and were unable to rise. The fiendish Guards kicked them about, with all the foulest oaths imaginable ordering them to get up, and pulling out their revolvers and threatening to shoot them. Several old priests were tottering along, bent double under the weight of their rugs

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and bundles. The guards seized some of them by their long white beards, and dragged them along, more dead than alive. Just as we got to the entrance, the order was given for the British and French prisoners to be taken back to their cells. Till this day, how my heart aches, when I think of the dreadful fate of those fine young fellow prisoners of mine! How I had learned to admire their kindly and lovable natures, and their gentle and gentlemanly bearing; not a word of reproach against their torturers. Sadly and silently they left us, with a clasp of the hand and a friendly good-bye. Afterwards we learned that most of them had been thrown overboard on the way to Kronstadt, and the rest, who can tell where they are (if any are left alive)? One anxious old mother, who came day after day to the Fortress gate, begging for some news of her son, was at last told to pray for his soul. Most of the survivors were shot, and a few may be left, slowly dying in the damp dungeons of Kronstadt. Many bodies were washed up on the Finnish coast, bound together, two and two, with barbed wire.

We were marched back to our cells, and all the British were placed together, ten persons in each cell. This was an improvement, and the air became decidedly purer, and we at once commenced to clean up. We got water from the tap in the cell wall, found some empty bottles left by the Russians, filled these with water, which we poured on to the floor, mopping up the dirt with old newspapers. By dint of hard scrubbing we managed to remove some of the crust, and glimpses of the original cell floor began to show through. Our friends from outside had sent in disinfectants, and we commenced a war on the lice and vermin, but, so numerous were they, we never got entirely rid of them. To while away the time, we sang, like Paul and Silas, but no earthquake nor any other disturbance came to release us. We sang hymns, 'God Save the King,' 'Rule, Britannia,' and other patriotic songs. The Red Guards came to the peep holes in our doors, and angrily ordered us to stop. We took no notice, but sang all the louder. Then they threatened to shoot us from the doorway, and we told them to shoot and be hanged to them. They came again and asked us to stop it, calling us 'Comrades.' We replied that we were no comrades of theirs, but honest British citizens; and giving up in despair they let us alone. We had among us the correspondents of the *Standard*, *Daily Chronicle*, *Daily Express*, and *Morning Post*. The *Daily Chronicle* correspondent in our cell managed, by bribing the soldiers, to get out two letters to his paper; but his third, we have reason to believe, was caught. Certainly the Red army man never appeared on guard again. We wrote our names and the date of our entry on the cell walls.

We found many inscriptions written by well-known Russians who had been imprisoned by the Bolsheviki, among them Burtseff, the revolutionist, who had suffered under the Tsardom, only to be denounced later by the Bolsheviki as a reactionary and counter-revolutionist. On the wall, just over the table, was a pathetic piece of writing, to this effect: 'On [such a date, which I forget] Shingareff, one of the leaders of the Cadet Party (or Constitutional-Democrats), was taken away from here. I bade him good-bye, and have never seen him since. Alas, poor Russia!' It will be remembered that Shingareff and another Cadet leader, Kokoshkin, were taken away from the Fortress in January, 1918, and conveyed to one of the hospitals, on the excuse of illness, where one night they

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were brutally murdered by the order of the Bolsheviki. A few cells away were confined some generals of the old army, together with some members of the old nobility. One of the generals was over eighty years of age, with a long white beard, a most patriarchal-looking old fellow with a kindly face, whom I met several times, on the rare occasions when we were let out of the cells for a five-minute walk in the corridor. These people were particularly obnoxious to the commandant and the Red Guards, and, with devilish ingenuity, they invented the following mode of persecution. Orders were given to seal up the little opening in the window, about five inches by four inches and the only means by which outside air can enter the cells. Next they sealed up the little peep hole in the door and left the cell absolutely hermetically closed for two days, and not a particle of food was given to the poor unfortunate prisoners. At the end of two days the few women whose business it is to take round the soup begged the commandant to open the cell, when they found most of its occupants unconscious, and the rest unable to stand. They had crawled up to the cell door, trying to save their lives by breathing the little air which came from underneath. Truly it has been said that the Bolsheviki are devils in human form. No one was allowed to visit us, nor were we ever allowed outside for a breath of fresh air. Sometimes once in a week, sometimes once a fortnight, we were let out in the corridor for about five minutes, but as the corridor was dark and damp and foul in the extreme, it did us no good, but we were glad of it as it gave us a chance to talk things over with our comrades from the other cells. We were in all thirty-four British; about half, including the Consular Staff, were arrested at the Legation; of the rest some were taken in the streets and some from their homes.

The day after my arrest a commissary drove up to my house in a motor along with some Red Guards and demanded to search the place. My younger daughter refused to allow them in and held the door, whereupon the commissary ordered the guards to remove her, which they promptly did, throwing her forcibly across the room and threatening to shoot her. They took from the house 18,000 rubles in money and 12,200 rubles' worth of goods which they 'nationalized.' In addition they took from my pocket-book, when I was arrested, 1,140 rubles; and as up to my departure from Petrograd I did not get it back, I presume they have also nationalized that. We were cut off from all means of communication with the outside world. No letters were allowed to be sent in or out of the prison. I have already told how we circumvented this. Newspapers were also prohibited, but we bribed the guards to get us these. Only three newspapers, the official organs of the Bolsheviki, are published; and they have an elaborate agency which suppresses all inconvenient facts and exaggerates all news in their favor and manufactures lying statements. All the other papers have been suppressed long ago, their offices and printing machinery taken over by the Bolsheviki, and their editors put in prison, and many of them are lingering there yet. And these (the Bolsheviki) are the very people who not long ago were inviting the sympathy of the world in their struggles for a free press and freedom of speech! What a travesty!

We read in the *Northern Commune* Mr. Balfour's note to the Bolsheviki — sent through the Dutch Minister — demanding the punishment of Captain Cromies's murderers, and the immediate release of all the British prisoners, and

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declaring the Bolsheviki outlaws. We were much cheered thereby, and the Russian prisoners were delighted. Chicherin's impertinent reply to this note was also printed in this paper. At the end of four weeks, the members of the Consulate and the officers, seventeen in all, were liberated, and, while glad for their sakes, we were a little depressed for our own. Three more weeks passed drearily by, and in the meantime my health had broken down. I had an attack of bronchitis, brought on by the damp and cold, my nerves gave way, and my heart was affected, as the result of the trying conditions under which I was arrested and the ordeal of expecting to be shot.

On Sunday, October the 20th, at midday, just as I was having a bite of food, I heard my name sung out by the guard on watch in the corridor, who ordered me to dress at once and collect my things together. My preparations took me no more than two minutes, and with beating heart and nerves at breaking point I followed the guard to the commandant's office. After waiting two and a half hours, I was given a document, the order of release. I staggered under my burden of bundles through the Fortress gateway, and as for fifty days I had not seen the sky nor enjoyed the fresh air, I was overcome. Faint and weary from weakness, I stumbled along, with head nearly bursting from the effects of the fresh air. I made my way home, ten miles away, where I utterly broke down. I felt that I required a quiet rest and a sojourn in England, a land of real liberty and freedom; and I pray God she may be kept from the blighting and monstrous inhumanities, the murders and robberies of the travesty of a system known as Bolshevism, which is really Socialism run mad.

The Nineteenth Century and After

VICTORIAN POETRY

BY LAURENCE BINYON

I MET the other day a young Frenchman who, after serving with the army, had been studying English literature; and he brimmed over with enthusiastic wonder at the inexhaustible fountain of poetry which for hundreds of years has flowed from the heart of this nation and never seems to fail. He seemed to be in a state of perpetual stupefaction before this phenomenon, and, like other foreigners, was the more struck because we pass for a race distinguished by our lack of imagination. However it is to be explained, the fact is there. The bull-dog breed and the British Empire may pass away; but English poetry will always be remembered. The new volume of *The English Poets*, edited by Mr. Humphry Ward, is a reminder, if one were needed, of the continuity and rich abundance of the stream. It opens with Browning, Arnold, and Tennyson, and closes with the trumpet-notes of Rupert Brooke's last sonnets. It may be remembered that the original edi-

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tion ended with Rossetti. Later, the fourth volume was fattened, in order to include selections from Tennyson and others who died since the first edition came out. Now the fourth volume has been reduced to its original size, and the appendix to it has been expanded to a fifth volume by selections from poets who died in the intervening period, up to the present year. By the accident of their earlier death, Rossetti and several others, like Mrs. Browning, Emily Brontë, and Clough, are thus separated from their true contemporaries; but this fifth volume, with these exceptions, represents fairly enough the flower of Victorian poetry.

To bring such a book as this up to date is, of course, something of an adventure. It is easy even for fine judges to be deceived about contemporaries, and a book which claims a permanent place for writers of the most recent day is apt to include pages which a future time will wonder at. If Mr. Ward errs, it is rather on the other side, the side of prudence. His omissions are more likely to be criticized than his inclusions. The *Oxford Book of Victorian Verse*, which it is interesting to compare with this volume, both for the choice of authors and the choice of poems, is certainly overweighted with too much verse of merely respectable quality; the standard here is higher. If Mr. Ward has been anywhere over-liberal, it is in the space given to prose writers who wrote verse; George Eliot is an instance. Some of this space might have been saved for specimens from poets who are not likely to be read in complete editions, but are of genuine interest. There are a number of such in the earlier volumes, and many must have been grateful for the pleasure they had in discovering through those selections these *minora sidera:* the great names are in no danger of being forgotten and neglected. Among the Earlier Victorians, Darley deserves equal station with Beddoes, if only for his obscure but gorgeous *Nepenthe*. Two boys of wonderful promise who died very young — Dolben and Oliver Madox Brown — might have had a page. I should have liked to see something from the *Wild Honey* of Michael Field, who did not only write poetic dramas; and since there is a section of humorous verse, why not have had Samuel Butler's *Psalm of Montreal?* Other names that occur to me are more doubtful; but Oscar Wilde, languid and imitative as most of his verse was, deserved selection; and among the poets of the present day it would hardly have been rash to accord a page to Sorley. Still more regrettable is the absence of Flecker; indeed, his exclusion, whether from inadvertence or design, is a real injustice to a poet of much more genuine quality (to say the least) than some of those included. Each of us has his own quarrel with every anthologist. When Southey, in the fourth volume, is given twenty-one pages, it seems hardly proportionate to allow Francis Thompson only seven — no more space than is given to Andrew Lang, less than is accorded to Adam Lindsay Gordon, less than half the pages filled (very pleasantly) by Stevenson. And some of Thompson's most beautiful pieces are missing.

But when all is said, this is a fascinating volume; and the whole work, a delight in youth to many of us in its original form, stands out among collections of the kind by its high standard of selection and by the high interest of the critical introductions. To have Matthew Arnold, Swinburne, and Pater, to name no others, as collaborators, was indeed a happy fortune; and some of the introductions are classics in themselves. Mr. Gosse, who has contributed to all the volumes, is

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at his best in the latest, writing congenially on Swinburne and on Patmore. Here, as we said, is the flower of Victorian poetry. How does it impress us? What do we feel about it on the threshold of 1919? Each reader can but speak for himself. I tried the experiment of reading the book straight through and trying to keep an innocent mind, as if one were reading the pages for the first time. Impossible, of course, to succeed in such an object, where so much was long familiar; yet even to make the attempt was interesting, for one does not often have such an opportunity for fresh and close comparison. Victorian poetry has not the same appeal to the present time as the poetry of the opening nineteenth century, when, as now, vast convulsions in the world engendered vast aspirations; nor do the greatest of the Victorians scale the heights of the greatest of their immediate predecessors. Fame is an unconscious conspiracy between certain men and their public; and in the Victorian era, with few exceptions, the great men of their time happened to find an intimately responsive public. Tennyson satisfied his own time so completely that one could not expect him to satisfy any succeeding time in the same degree. Browning, who found his public with so much more difficulty, grasps our hands to-day more firmly, because, as Mrs. Woods in her admirable essay points out, he has the power of 'singing straight from the heart,' and still more because he is fearlessly truthful in his presentation of human nature. How rich, how alive he is! He brought new material into poetry; among his contemporaries he is the great pioneer.

Browning, Arnold, Tennyson make a splendid opening to the volume; and Arnold gains, of course, in that the greater range and abundance of the other two cannot be fully displayed. But for one reader, at any rate, it must be added also that the poetic quality of Tennyson's famous *Morte d'Arthur* seemed decidedly inferior to Arnold's *Death of Sohrab*. Time has not dulled the charm of Tennyson's early masterpieces nor the noble harmonies of the Wellington ode, nor the lyrical vigor of the *Revenge;* but pieces like *Tithonus*, weary with their mannered ornateness, and the admired *Farewell of Arthur*, from *Guinevere*, stirs in many readers of to-day a really cordial antipathy. It is a pity that Tennyson was so ill-served by his introducer, Sir Richard Jebb, who wrote in that vein of absolute adulation, common to most Victorian critics, which has done so much to provoke inevitable reaction; and he was not very fortunate in his selection. Instead of the exquisite *Mariana* poems and the fiercely passionate *Fatima*, we have pages of *Eleanore;* and how heartily one agrees with Fitzgerald, who said that this and its like 'always were and are and must be a nuisance'! Great figure as Tennyson is, there is a lack of elemental power in his imagination; he seems to represent something closed and perfected, rather than something still germinating and challenging to the mind. Even his applauded beauty of form turns out often to be less a beauty of structure than of finish. Free criticism can only serve his real fame. Wonderful, indeed, was his range of melody, hardly surpassed even by Swinburne, the most dazzling figure of the second great flowering-time of the period. In Swinburne also there is a lack of touch with the present generation; he seems to be singing his radiant songs in a world somewhere apart. He perfected his instrument; no one could go further on those lines; he has had no followers.

And just now, perhaps, we turn with quickest appreciation to poets less complete in themselves who still, as artists or thinkers, point a path and

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indicate new horizons. In the whole volume nothing seemed to me finer, nothing so 'contemporary' as Meredith's Ode on France in 1870, and that not alone for its appositeness of subject, but because its teeming energy of thought seems still to be brimming over, it has not exhausted itself in its expression; and also we breathe a European, not an insular, atmosphere, and that (except for Arnold) is too rare in the Victorians. Would that Meredith had oftener shown the sense of form that for once distinguishes this magnificent ode! It is a misfortune that Dante Rossetti is missing from the mid-Victorian group; but Christina is here to charm with her native singing notes; and there is the much less known R. W. Dixon, whose *Ode on Advancing Age* is strangely impressive; and Patmore, lofty but narrow; and William Morris, who is richly represented. Morris's theory that poetry was a jolly kind of craft, like weaving, made for a happy narrative, and how rare is that art in our poetry! Yet is not *Mother and Son* (passionate, beautiful poem!) more memorable even than the *Earthly Paradise?* I have already outrun my space, though there is so much more to say. Time is sifting and revaluing the Victorians, like their predecessors; and a good deal of what most impressed its own time has a waning hold on us to-day. But whatever detractions are made, it is a period astonishing in its abundance and variety of achievement, the less known poets, as Mr. Ward's volume shows, contributing much of original effort to enrich that impression. The Georgians, with all their promise and ambition, will need to apply their powers with a full measure of the once-scoffed-at Victorian 'earnestness' to attain a comparable result.

The Observer

A LOST VILLAGE

BY W. H. HUDSON

THE apple has not come to its perfection this season until the middle of May; even here, in this West country, the very home of the spirit of the apple tree! Now, it is, or seems, all the more beautiful because of its lateness and of an April of snow and sleet and east winds, the bitter feeling of which is hardly yet out of our blood. If I ever recover the images of all the flowering apple trees I have ever looked delightedly at, adding those pictured by poets and painters, including that one beneath which Fiametta is standing forever, with that fresh glad face almost too beautiful for earth, looking out as from a pink and white cloud of the multitudinous blossoms — if I could see all that I could not find a match for one of the trees of to-day. It is like nothing on earth, unless we say that, indescribable in its loveliness, it is like all other sights in Nature which wake in us a sense of the supernatural.

Undoubtedly the apple trees seem more beautiful to us than all other blossoming trees, in all lands we have

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visited, just because it is so common, so universal — I mean in this West country — so familiar a sight to everyone from infancy, on which account it has more associations of a tender and beautiful kind than the others. For, however beautiful it may be intrinsically, the greatest share of the charm is due to the memories that have come to be part of and one with it — the *forgotten* memories they may be called. For they mostly refer to a far period in our lives, to our early years, to days and events that were happy and sad. The events themselves have faded from the mind but they registered an emotion, cumulative in its effect, which endures and revives from time to time and is that indefinable feeling, that tender melancholy and 'divine despair,' and those 'idle tears' which gather to the eyes at the sight of happy autumn fields and all lovely natural sights familiar from of old — from one's own early years.

To-day, however, looking at the apple blooms, I find the most beautifying associations and memories not in a far-off past, but in visionary apple trees seen no longer ago than last autumn.

And this is how it came about. In this red and green country of Devon I am apt to meet with adventures quite unlike those experienced in other counties; only these are mostly adventures of the spirit.

Lying awake at six o'clock last October, in Exeter, and seeing it was a gray misty morning, my inclination was to sleep again. I only dozed, and was in that twilight condition when the mind is occupied with idle images, and is now in the waking world, now in dreamland. A thought of the rivers in the red and green country floated through my brain — of the Clyst among others; then of villages on the Clyst; of Broadclyst, Clyst St. Mary, Clyst St. Lawrence, finally, of Clyst Hyden; and although dozing, I half laughed to remember how I went searching for that same village one May, and how I would n't ask my way of anyone, just because it was Clyst Hyden, because the name of that little hidden rustic village had been written in the hearts of some who had passed away long, long ago, far, far from home. How, then, could I fail to find it? — it would draw my feet like a magnet!

I remembered how I searched among deep lanes, beyond rows and rows of ancient hedgerow elms, and how I found its little church and thatched cottages at last, covered with ivy and roses and creepers, all in a pink and white cloud of apple blossoms. Searching for it had been great fun and finding it a delightful experience; why not have the pleasure once more now that it was May again and the apple orchards in blossom? No sooner had I asked myself the question than I was on my bicycle among those same deep lanes, with the unkempt hedges and the great green hedgerow elms shutting out a view of the country, searching once more for the village of Clyst Hyden. And as on the former occasion, years ago, I would not now inquire my way of anyone. I had found it then for myself and was determined to do so again, although I had set out with the vaguest idea as to the right direction.

But hours went by and I could not find it, and now it was getting late. Through a gap in the high hedge I saw the great red globe of the sun quite near the horizon, and immediately after seeing it I was in a narrow road with a green border, which stretched away straight before me farther than I could see. Then the thatched cottages of a village came into sight, all on one side of the road, and the setting sun flaming through the trees had kindled road

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and trees and cottages to a shining golden flame.

'This is it!' I cried. 'This is my little lost village found again, and it is well I found it so late in the day, for now it looks less like even the loveliest old village in Devon than one in fairyland, or in Beulah.'

When I came near it that sunset splendor did not pass off and it was indeed like no earthly village; then people came out from the houses to gaze at me, and they too were like people glorified with the sunset light and their faces shone as they advanced hurriedly to meet me, pointing with their hands and talking and laughing excitedly as if my arrival among them had been an event of great importance. In a moment they surrounded and crowded round me, and sitting still among them, looking from radiant face to face, I at length found my speech and exclaimed, 'O, how beautiful!'

Then a girl pressed forward from among the others and putting up her hand she placed it on my temple, the fingers resting on my forehead; and gazing with a strange earnestness in my eyes, she said, 'Beautiful — only that! Do you see nothing more?'

I answered, looking back into her eyes, 'Yes, I think there is something more but I don't know what it is. Does it come from you — your eyes — your voice — all this that is passing in my mind?'

'What is passing in your mind?' she asked.

'I don't know!' I said. 'Thoughts — perhaps memories; hundreds, thousands; they come and go like lightning, so that I can't arrest them — not even one!'

She laughed and the laugh was like her eyes and voice and the touch of her hand on my temple! Was it sad or glad? I'm not sure, but it was the most beautiful sound I had ever heard, yet it seemed familiar and stirred me in the strangest way.

'Let me think!' I said.

'Yes, think!' they all together cried laughingly; and then instantly when I cast my eyes down there was a perfect stillness as if they were all holding their breath and watching me.

That sudden strange stillness startled me; I lifted my eyes and they were gone — the radiant beautiful people who had surrounded and interrogated me, and with them their shining golden village had vanished. There was no village, no deep green lanes and pink and white clouds of apple blossoms, and it was not May, it was late October and I was lying in bed in Exeter seeing through the window the red and gray roofs and chimneys and pale, misty, white sky.

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ON BEING ILL

MAN, as is always shown at a time of epidemics, will go to any lengths in pursuit of health. He will eat raw onions. He will snuff salt water up through his nostrils. He will go to bed at eight. He will give up tobacco. He will drink sour milk. He will sleep with the windows open. He will take exercise. He will rub the soles of his feet with the grease of a dormouse. Of all the figures in Greek myth it is to Prometheus and Æsculapius that men owe the greatest debt — to the giver of fire and the healer of disease — both of them punished terribly by Zeus for their services to men. We cannot call up for ourselves a complete picture of Greek life unless we realize that the temples of Æsculapius set up all over the country were the counterparts at once of our churches and of our hospitals and hydropathics. In his introduction to the Loeb edition of Galen's *On the Natural Faculties*, Dr. A. J. Brock writes: 'The temples of Æsculapius were scattered over the ancient Hellenic world. To them the sick and ailing resorted in crowds. The treatment, which was in the hands of an hereditary priesthood, combined the best of the methods carried on at our present-day health resorts, our hydropathies, sanatoriums, and nursing-homes. Fresh air, water cures, massage, gymnastics, psychotherapy, and natural methods in general were chiefly relied on.' Everyone who has read *Marius the Epicurean* will remember Pater's charming description of a temple of Æsculapius in Italy at the time of the Antonines — a description that suggests the existence of various points of contact between the religion of Æsculapius and modern religion and medicine. 'The priesthood or "family" of Æsculapius, a vast college, believed to be in possession of certain precious secrets, came nearest, perhaps,' says Pater, 'of all the institutions of the ancient world, to the Christian priesthood.' The healers of the body were for the Romans of those days the real Salvation Army. 'The religion of the god of bodily health, Salvator, as they called him absolutely, had a chance just then of becoming the one religion; that mild and philanthropic son of Apollo surviving, or absorbing, all other pagan godhead.' And such a modern as Dr. Freud would have felt as comfortably at home in the temples of Æsculapius as the veriest faith healer or Christian. Do we not read that the priests of Æsculapius held that 'dreams do sometimes, for those who watch them carefully, give many hints, concerning the conditions of the body — those latent weak points at which disease or death may most easily break into it? In the time of Marcus Aurelius these medical dreams had become more than ever a fashionable caprice.' Truly, experience, like the earth, is round, and progress ultimately brings us back again to the point from which we set out. So, at least, the proverbs tell us in all languages. And history seems to justify them, though faith flutteringly protests.

If the majority of us do not make a religion of medicine in these days, it is not because we are haunted in a less degree by the fear of ill-health than the Greeks and Romans or because we are less credulous. The world's obsession with the fear of illness is manifest in the amount of costly space devoted to advertisements of patent medicines in

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the newspapers. Every picture tells a story, says one of the most depressing of the advertisers; and it is the story of a world of sick men and women hobbling in search of a well of miracles. Have you a bad leg? Do you suffer from head noises? Has excessive tobacco or worse given you hardening of the arteries? Is your hair falling out? Are you ruptured? Have you corns, or eczema, or heart disease? Are you troubled with gout or asthma or insomnia or pimples? Who that has ever been to a holy well and watched the procession of beggars for health going down to drink the waters can have failed to see in it the image of all the world seeking — and finding — marvelous cures? One is tempted to ridicule the pills and bottles of the newspapers, even when one is superstitious and buys them; but there is a pathetic element in the tumult of hopes and fears they give rise to in a million breasts. We no longer identify salvation with safety in one religion. But to the sick man there is often little difference between them. He, like the jailer in the New Testament, is troubled by the question, 'What must I do to be saved?' No doubt, when the invalid becomes wrapped up in his illness, he is an egoist and a nuisance. Save the souls of others, said Mazzini; never mind your own. And we feel that a good man will say the same thing about his body. If you must be anxious about health, it should be about other people's health. There is no more ludicrous figure on earth than the valetudinarian sipping his gruel and only warming into eloquence when discussing some such subject as whether eating butter is a cause of rheumatism. At the same time, one must not set up a superhuman standard; it is as reasonable to hate disease as to hate dirt, and one may do so with a good conscience provided one does not make a song of it. Who knows what subtle relationship there may be between health of the body and health of the soul? Who knows how much ground there may be for the Æsculapian belief, referred to by Pater, that 'all the maladies of the soul might be reached through the subtle gateways of the body?' Shelley and Francis Thompson were not the least spiritual of the poets of the nineteenth century. And yet Francis Thompson wrote: 'Health, I had well-nigh said, is Holiness. What if Holiness be Health?' And did not Shelley dream of dieting the world into perfection? Was not the drinking of distilled water in his view an aid to virtue as well as a preservative against cancer? There are few authors indeed who have scorned the subject of disease. Montaigne tells us without reticence how he suffered from the stone, and Pepys describes his sufferings from the same affliction with still less modesty. Even the healthy-minded Meredith seems to have enjoyed writing to his friends about digestive troubles. One finds him writing to Admiral Meux such counsel as: 'If the stomach is down, eschew potatoes as well as beer. . . . Rise quickly in the morning, exercise after bath, and pray do not be more than half an hour without feeding, if you only take a crust of bread and water.' And in his old age he allowed himself to be enrolled as a member of the Food Reform Association, though he wrote: 'I am unworthy to be among you, for I drink wine and I smoke.'

One would have fancied that with all this pother men of genius and men of name have made about their health, the world should now be on its way to know all that is necessary about sickness and its cure. And yet those patent medicine advertisements of which we have spoken are evidence that disease is still as great a mystery to the average man as it was to his ancestors who

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thought that a mandrake apple placed under the pillow was a cure for sleeplessness, and who attempted to remedy loss of memory, not by a course of ——ism, but by binding the tooth or the left leg of a badger 'about your Right arme next unto the flesh.' It is certainly not for the twentieth century, with its pill-boxes and its ignorance, to deride the quaint cures sought in other centuries from herbs and charms. Gerard in his *Herball* showed as bold a face regarding the efficacy of his cures as any pill-manufacturer of to-day. Describing a certain cucumber mess recommended as a cure for 'a pimpled or saucy face,' he claims that it —

> doth perfectly cure all manner of sawce-flegme and copper faces, red and shining firie noses (as red as red roses) with pimples, pumples, rubies, and such like pretious faces.

One can imagine a generation in which the pimpled read these words with a leaping of the heart. Well, men and women are still troubled about their faces, and they well may be. One still sees plenty of 'shining firie' noses (as red as red roses) in the streets, and neither drug nor herb avails against them. The confession of the race of man is still that of the lepers: 'Unclean, unclean!' We are still only in the first day of knowledge, and we are nearer the level of the old guessing herbalist than of the wise man of to-morrow. We do not know enough even to introduce an era of clean streets and clean houses. So little do we know that, when policemen standing in filth-swirling streets fall easy victims to influenza, we begin at once to doubt the beneficence of fresh air.

We are progressing, however. So much we may claim without boasting. Not only do our doctors actually know more than their predecessors, but they have a fine ideal of service. When the plague broke out in the sixteenth century in London, the doctors, we are told, left the town in the company of their fashionable patients. The poor man, not being able to pay fees to a doctor, was left to die unattended. By the time of Pepys a new spirit had come, and doctors suffered with the poor. But even then, as one is appalled to remember, the sick man and his friends were treated as outcasts, and shut away from the world as doomed creatures. The heroism of the modern nurse was still unknown. What an appalling picture of the dread and detestation of the plague-stricken we get when Pepys writes:

> Three or four days since I saw a dead corps in a coffin lie in the Close unburied, and a watch is constantly kept there night and day to keep the people in, the plague making us cruel, as dogs, one to another.

There is, no doubt, more of this kind of cruelty surviving in the world than we like to admit. We have heard of instances of strange conduct to the sick on the part of mistresses, hotel-keepers, and even panel-doctors. But, to balance this, there has been an immense increase in the spirit of service, and the doctor's or the nurse's is the most devotional of lives. There are few of us who have not in the course of our illnesses met a doctor who justified Stevenson's great praise of the physician: 'He is the flower — such as it is — of our civilization; and when that stage of man is done with, and only remembered to be marveled at in history, he will be thought to have shared as little as any in the defects of the period, and most notably exhibited the virtues of the race.'

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HIS OWN LANGUAGE

BY FREDERICK TILSLEY

I

'It's either Blighty or the bone yard for me this time,' said Private Anson, as they lifted him on to the operating table.

'Blighty,' murmured the American doctor ('attached for duty') reassuringly; 'sure thing.'

'And to think,' continued Private Anson with intense disgust, 'that it took ole Fritz over four years to do this to me. I was beginning to believe that he had n't a shell what could find me — that I was what you might call imyune — if you understand me?'

'Got you first time,' answered the American doctor.

'But it seems he had one with me name and address on it; so, of course, I got it. Sweating on leave I was, too.'

Private Anson swore competently for a few moments.

'To get a slugging like you got just when you're expecting leave is pretty fierce luck,' said the American doctor sympathetically.

'Me and ole Bill Harris had it between us. Pore ole Bill! you could n't find what's left of him with a magnerfying glass. Out since Mons, too. . . . It's me leg, is n't it, doctor?'

'It is.'

'Will it have to come off, doctor?'

'Not if we can keep you this side of Hades with it on, sonny. Now be quiet for a few moments, and don't be scared. I'm just going to push you into dreamland.'

He administered the anæsthetic, and Private Anson slid into unconsciousness.

II

When he opened his eyes again he was lying on a clean bed in a Nissen hut. Private Anson felt that he should have been comfortable in that bed, but he was n't. His left leg was aching and burning, and he was desperately thirsty. He tried to alter the position of the troublesome leg, and found that it was fastened down. This annoyed him very much. He swore. Private Anson belonged to the regular army, and when he swore, he did it thoroughly. An angular orderly, with pale eyes, and hair that would certainly get him into trouble with the sergeant-major at an early date, appeared suddenly at the bedside.

'Gimme some water,' said Private Anson in a thick voice.

The orderly blinked at him protestingly. 'Can't,' he answered; 'really can't, you know. Quite impossible, old chap. You are just coming out of an anæsthetic, and water would make you horribly sick — disgustingly sick.' He shuddered. He was a very inexperienced orderly.

'I'll chance that. Gimme some water.'

'Absolutely dare n't, old top.'

'Gimme some water, I tell you.'

'Can't — really can't, you know.'

'Well, gimme some beer.'

'It's absolutely against orders to give you anything to drink. I should be crimed — shot at sunrise, and all that sort of thing, you know.'

Private Anson began to swear, and the orderly shuddered again, only much more violently this time.

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'I can see,' concluded Private Anson, 'that I shall have to get that water myself.' With a great effort he jerked himself into a sitting position.

The orderly sprang at him and laid gentle hands on his shoulders. 'No! no! no! You must n't; you really must n't, old thing. You'll hurt yourself, you know,' he said tragically.

'I'll hurt you if you don't clear off *toot sweet!*' bellowed Private Anson. He fell back with a groan; and then, remembering that his leg was fastened down, he cursed the hospital and everything in it with much vigor. He was a pugnacious individual at the best of times. In his present condition, dazed with chloroform and pain, a mule was a mild-mannered and thoughtful animal compared with him. It seemed to Private Anson that whoever tied his leg down had taken an unheard of liberty, and he was not at all the sort of person to stand that kind of thing quietly. He set his teeth and dragged on the fastened leg with all his strength. The orderly uttered a horror-stricken bleat and ran for the sister. In spite of the pain caused him by every movement, Private Anson tugged again. He was very delirious by the time the sister arrived.

'You must be quiet,' said the sister in a firm voice. 'Otherwise you will never get better.'

Under the impression that some one was threatening him Private Anson swore at her in a loud, clear voice. The orderly blushed, and tried to look as if he had n't heard; the sister did nothing of the sort. She was a regular, and was used to being sworn at.

'Do you know whom you are talking to?' she asked grimly, and her voice somehow succeeded in penetrating to the befogged brain of Private Anson. He realized dimly that there was a woman present. He declared that he was sorry if he had said anything he should not have said, and asked her in a hoarse voice to forgive him. The sister forgave him freely. With a big sigh of relief he lay back and repeated the offending remarks all over again with great vehemence. And then he remembered that his leg was still fastened down. He started to pull on it again.

'Find the orderly officer, and ask him if he will come here at once,' commanded the sister.

III

The orderly disappeared. Two minutes later he reappeared short of breath, with the orderly officer at his heels. The orderly officer was a surgeon, and, like all surgeons, he expected to be famous in the near future. He was very kind to Private Anson. He called him 'old boy' twice.

'You must be quiet, old boy,' he said soothingly, speaking with a pronounced democratic accent. 'For your own sake, you must be quiet. If you don't lie perfectly still we shall have to remove your leg. Do you understand me, old boy? Do you realize the importance of perfect quietness?'

Private Anson ought to have been flattered, but he was not. He told the orderly officer to go to a place which, though warmer than Flanders in February, is less muddy. The orderly officer laid his right hand on Private Anson's brow. It was a beautiful hand, slim and white, and muscular. Private Anson tried his very hardest to bite it. He jerked his head suddenly, and his gleaming teeth snapped like a vise, missing the surgeon's little finger by an inch. The orderly officer withdrew his hand with great suddenness, and the most democratic adjective he had yet used. The orderly cried out in alarm. The sister's eyes widened with horror, and her mouth twitched — probably the first outward expression of deep

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feeling she had indulged in since the South African War.

To offer violence to the hand of a surgeon is a crime which even delirium fails to excuse. The orderly officer wasted no more time on Private Anson after that; words were absolutely useless.

'Give him morphia, sister, and keep him as quiet as you can. Somebody had better stay with him all night. I am afraid it is useless, though. If he has n't killed himself before morning, that leg will have to come off. It's a pity, too — remarkable operation in many ways — Captain Spencer was most anxious that it should turn out a success. G'night, sister.'

IV

After a brief struggle, from which the orderly emerged with nothing worse than a very black eye, the sister succeeded in injecting the morphia. For all the apparent effect it had on Private Anson, the morphia might just as well have been water. The orderly was contending against an unusually vigorous attempt to get out of bed, when the padre entered the ward.

The padre was a little, round man, with a red, round face, and big, round glasses. He wore the South African ribbon and a wound-stripe, and had been 'over the top' more than once. Closing the door very gently behind him, he tiptoed down the ward until he reached Private Anson's bed.

'Good evening, orderly. Is he one of my boys?'

'Could n't say, sir,' said the orderly, grabbing Private Anson's wrists. 'Have n't had a chance to look yet.'

'What's the matter with him, orderly? He seems very ill.'

The orderly explained. His explanation was frequently interrupted by Private Anson's oft-repeated invitation to 'Come and have it out in a shell-hole if yer fancy yerselves.'

'And the doctor thinks that if this poor boy can only be kept quiet there is a chance for his leg,' murmured the padre thoughtfully. 'Have you tried to reason with him in his own language, orderly?'

The orderly looked puzzled.

'His own language, sir? He's British, you know — quite British.'

'Quite so, orderly; but he's a Regular soldier, is n't he?'

'Yes, sir — out since Mons, and all the rest of it.'

The padre smiled gently.

'Old soldiers have a language of their own, orderly. Just go and tell the sister I should like to speak to her, will you, please? I'll look after your patient while you are away.'

The moment the orderly had turned his back, the padre glanced stealthily around him and bent over the patient.

Private Anson cursed him impartially, and mentioned several of the things that would happen if ever he caught the padre alone in a shell-hole.

The padre's eyes gleamed.

'Shut yer ruddy mouth,' he hissed, 'and listen to me! These people are doin' their best to save yer ruddy leg, and you, yer ruddy fool, are goin' the right way to lose it. If I was them I would n't take any more ruddy trouble with you. I'd cut the ruddy thing off, yer ruddy silly head as well, you ruddy ole washout!'

'If we was in a shell-ole——' began Private Anson indignantly.

'Yer know more about estaminets,' scoffed the padre. 'All this ruddy fuss over a bad leg, and there's fellows in this same ruddy ward ten times as bad as you not sayin' a word! Bits of kids just out from Blighty, too, most of 'em. Yer oughter be ruddy well ashamed of yerself. Can't stand a bit of pain.'

'Who can't stand a bit of pain?'

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'You can't; yer too ruddy windy.'

'Windy? *Me!* I was out at Mons, I was.'

'So was I — got a tidy ole packet in the leg too; but I did n't make as much ruddy row about it as you're doin', either.'

'I can stand pain with any man,' said Private Anson, and added thoughtfully — 'when I want to.'

'Well, I should start wantin' to pretty quick, if I was you. There's a 1918 kid down there, with a ruddy big 'ole in his stummick, laughin' at yer.'

'I'll speak to him in the morning,' said Private Anson severely.

'And what's more——'

'There's nothing more to be said,' interrupted Private Anson with dignity. 'You was out at Mons, I was out at Mons, and you have seen fit to insult me. I don't want any further conversation with you whatever, until I am recovered enough to knock yer ruddy 'ead off. And now I'm going to sleep — good-night to you.'

When the sister arrived the padre was mopping his brow with a large red handkerchief.

'You want me, padre? Good heavens! whatever have you done to him? Hypnotized him? I do believe he's asleep.'

'I've just been speaking to him,' said the padre, with a bland, Oriental smile. 'I spoke to him *in his own language*. I sincerely hope and believe that he will be all right now. By the way, sister, there's a special service at two o'clock to-morrow afternoon. I do hope your duties will not prevent you from attending. Good-night, sister — good-night.'

Chambers's Journal

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THE NATIONALIZATION OF GERMAN TEXTILES

BY HERMAN KRÄTZIG

THE decision of the Government to experiment in the nationalization of industries has caused grave anxiety, especially in the textile industry, which at the moment when it was hoping to be freed from the irritating and cramping management of the war companies finds that the political situation has made nationalization of the means of production a matter of practical politics. At first all was confusion, and in the paper yarn industry a veritable panic ensued, orders estimated at 50,000,000,000 Marks being cancelled. During the period of demobilization the textile industry is called upon to provide employment for thousands of workers released from the munition factories. When the Government makes it plain that the textile industry is not one of them in which nationalization is feasible — at all events, under existing conditions — the panic will subside. It is to be hoped that the committee will not start with the determination that all industries which draw their raw materials from foreign countries and manufacture for export will be considered outside the scope of its inquiries. To determine that the textile industry should be nationalized without due examination having been made would spell ruin, for every far-sighted individual must recognize that this industry is not ripe for the transference of its means of production from private ownership to that of the community. The textile industry cannot be compared with large bakeries or brick-kilns, which might be nationalized without detriment to the country's economic existence, since their sales and supplies of raw materials are not complicated, and their process of production quite simple. Any efficient worker with an ordinary school education can manage such businesses. But, on the contrary, the process of production in the textile industry is extraordinarily complicated, the varieties of its products numbering thousands and nearly every single one requiring special conditions of production and sale. Fashion will continue to dominate the production of textile goods, and creative talent can only be developed when material inducements are offered to the initiative of the individual.

Another important factor is the very great variety of the conditions of existence obtaining in the industry. In nearly every group of textile fabrics the supply of raw materials and the market for the goods vary. If the industry is grouped according to the conditions of the supply of raw materials more than a dozen groups result, and their number is far greater if the grouping takes place in accordance with the goods produced. Many such groups depend entirely on export to foreign countries, but even those groups destined for home consumption will make great demands on individual initiative. Since Germany must produce goods over and above the home requirements in order to pay for raw materials and to meet the liabilities imposed upon her by other countries, industries which are concerned with the export trade must be developed to the highest point of efficiency. This cannot be attained at the cost of the neces-

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saries of life of the laboring classes, and consequently textile workers must be given sound guidance and expert training in order to attain the highest results from the least possible outlay. The country must find a way of participating in the yield of textile economy without eliminating private initiative from this complicated industry. It is certain that this industry must be the very last in which nationalization should, if ever, be introduced.

Der Konfectionär

DEPOPULATION, FRANCE'S GREATEST DANGER

BY G. DE LAMARZELLE

France has to-day an internal enemy who is dangerous and difficult to conquer — depopulation. Two phrases are quite enough to show the harm it has already done us. In 1850, France and Germany had exactly the same number of inhabitants — that is, 35,000,000. To-day, France has but 39,000,000, Germany more than 68,000,000.

In reality, the contingent of French conscripts represents hardly half the contingent of German conscripts. And from this we may easily reason that if the population of France had grown in the same ratio as that of Germany, we should never have had this war; at any rate, we should have been victorious long ago. What our French soldiers actually did do has revealed to us what they might have done if their armies had been numerically on a level with those of the Germans — if only our country had preserved its normal ratio of growth (310 births annually to every 10,000 inhabitants), a ratio which, alas, was preserved by our enemy.

But it is not to the past, but to the future that we should be looking. The danger of depopulation is far from being thrust aside; it advances! Let us take the last normal period, the one in which the effects of war are not to be found, the first half of 1914. The statistics furnished by the ministry of labor reveal that from January to July the number of births had diminished by 3,971 and the number of deaths had increased by 20,845. In six months the population of France had decreased by 24,816 inhabitants, while during the same period the population of Germany had increased by almost a half million. So, to-day we are at the point in which our population no longer grows, but actually diminishes.

And France is the only one of all the nations, whether they be of her friends or her enemies, who suffers from such a disease, at least to such a proportion.

If this disease is going to continue after the war, our victory will be of little use to us.

First of all, a country whose population is diminishing or is stationary can only go down hill as a military power. And after the war, the economic struggle will become more keen and bitter than ever among the nations of the earth. And in this struggle, France will certainly be beaten if she lacks men. Man — the labor of men — is the greatest of all riches — it is the value without which all other values are as nothing. If our country is to live, we must find a remedy for this cancer which we call depopulation. It is a matter of life or death.

To discover the remedy, we must discover the cause of the evil. There is nothing physiologically wrong with the French people. If many French families have no children or only a small number of children, it is because children are not *wanted*. In 1908 M. Ferdinand Buisson wrote: 'The fruitfulness of our marriages has been checked by *voluntary* limitation. If France wishes to rebuild herself France *must will* to do so.'

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But how are we to waken the will of France to have children. There is the soul of the problem.

Many notions have been suggested, the diminution of taxes in favor of large families, the distribution of prizes, scholarships, etc. These measures are good enough, but they are but makeshifts after all. Why is it that so many French families no longer desire children? Is not one reason the desire to avoid the cost of large families? Can we say that these financial favors will mean a genuine release from the burden? It would be folly to say so. If relief from taxation resulted in a large number of families, we should certainly have to cancel the exceptions made in favor of the prolific. The condition of our budget is one which makes all talk of financial favors ridiculous.

The true solution of the matter lies not in appealing to the interest, but to the sense of duty. The question is, above all, a moral one. It is in order to have an easy existence, free from difficulties and the necessity of sacrifice that so many French families are doing their best to kill their country by the 'systematic sterility of marriage.' The 'New Morality' cannot blame them. For it, only the life of this world exists, it alone teaches man happiness. And how should society enter unbidden into our home to regulate the most personal matters of our existence? No purely human code of morals can condemn the counsels of those little neo-Malthusian manuals which one to-day finds scattered everywhere among our industrial populations and country folk.

Religion alone can impose upon a nation the obligation of fruitful unions; the one solution, the one remedy open to us is the restoration to our respect of Christian law.

L'Echo de Paris

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TALK OF EUROPE

GERMANS DISCUSS THE KAISER'S RESPONSIBILITY

According to *Le Figaro*, the Germans do not care to hand over their sometime Kaiser to the mercies of an international tribunal.

Count Bernstorff, who may be one of the representatives of Germany at the peace conference, is particularly categorical:

I am in no way a believer in the notion of handing over the Kaiser to the Allies. In international law, a sovereign cannot be held responsible for the politics of his government. The best solution to my way of thinking would be the constitution of a neutral court of justice empowered to determine the guilt of all parties.

Prince Von Bülow also defends his former master.

The Kaiser certainly did not *will* the war; we were led into it by a series of misadventures; our diplomats were less criminal than they have been called, and more imbecile than they have been imagined. This applies, in particular, to Bethmann-Hollweg.

Thedor Wolff generalizes:

The Kaiser has committed political sins, but he is not the only responsible person; others have committed crimes during the war, certain generals, in particular. Especially culpable are those who organized the patriotic manifestations in Berlin in July–August, 1914. I am for an international court and for the condemnation of all guilty people.

Maximilian Harden, on the other hand, sees the responsibility of the Kaiser writ large.

If one aspires to the rôle of Emperor, one must have the courage and the conscience of one's resolutions. The Emperor is the author of that legend of aggression in which all Germans have believed. The man, all his life long, has been dazzled by the trickery of theatrical ideas; at the bottom he is more foolish than culpable. I believe that he ought to be tried, but I would rather have him tried in Germany.

The attitude of the Socialists is very significant. The majority leader, Stampfer, editor-in-chief of *Vorwärts*, has declared.

If the Allies demand the extradition and deliverance to judgment of the Kaiser, the sympathies of Germany will return to him. He is no longer Emperor, to be sure, but he remains a German. Were he to be tried in Germany, he would certainly be acquitted because of insanity.

Haase says:

The *White Book* will make clear the exact responsibility of every personality. After its publication, we shall indicate the fashion in which the guilty can be punished; it is possible that we will institute a court of justice.

THE ATTACK THAT WAS NEVER MADE

Captain Hinzmann of the German Naval Staff, in an article in the *Deutsche Zeitung*, gives particulars of plans prepared by that body for an attack on the British coast which was the immediate and direct cause of the mutiny at Kiel, Cuxhaven, Wilhelmshaven, and led to the revolution:

He states that when it was reported that Britain contemplated a landing the German naval command decided upon an attack with all available naval forces in order to lessen the pressure on the German right wing. To this end, either the traffic between the mouth of the Thames and Belgium was to be cut off, or navigation generally was to be made impossible. Bad weather and the phase of the moon made action impossible until the end of October.

It was essential that the plan should remain a secret, because the attack must be

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made from the Bight and in a dark night, so that it might be a surprise. It was also necessary to mass a sufficient force of submarines to engage the advance force of the Allies, and inflict as much damage as possible. U-boats were no longer required for the submarine war, and a sufficient number, therefore, was available.

The force was to leave the base at such an hour as to enable it to reach the Bight between Terschelling and Horn Reef at nightfall. During the night two squadrons composed of destroyers and light cruisers, were to make an attack on the Flemish coast and the mouth of the Thames simultaneously, but were to turn back within an hour. They were to be covered by a stronger force, which would lie in the vicinity of Hoofden, where, as was known to the German naval authorities, only weak Allied naval forces would operate. The German main fleet was to remain in the rear to cover the return of the attacking squadrons.

The plan was known only to the officers of the Naval Staff and the leaders of the submarine squadrons, and to the latter only a few hours before the time for the attack. 'It was therefore impossible,' says the writer, 'that officers could write letters to relatives on the subject.'

Captain Hinzmann is of opinion that the undertaking was no more risky than the attack on Dover in February, 1918, and the other raids on the British coast. The prospects of success were favorable. There were more and better destroyers and submarines available than on former occasions. Submarine observers had already been sent out, and more were to follow with the fleet. The first line was stationed near the Firth of Forth, and the second half-way between the Firth and the limit of the 'danger zone.' If the British naval forces were to accept the challenge they would have to pass both these lines, and behind the second line small cruisers would in the meantime have laid a minefield.

'It is obvious,' says the writer, 'in view of such a plan, that the story of a scheme to sacrifice the fleet was ridiculous. On the contrary, the time and spot were chosen in such a manner that the British Fleet, if it took up the challenge, must suffer severe losses. The plan miscarried because the crews of the big men-of-war left the submarines in the lurch, and refused to undertake their part of the scheme.'

The author states that the plan was not made known to the men because on former occasions plans had miscarried in consequence of the particulars being divulged.

ROSA LUXEMBURG

ROSA LUXEMBURG was perhaps the most remarkable woman produced by the Socialist movement either in Germany or elsewhere. A doctor of political economy with large historical and economic knowledge, she was a speaker and a writer of great ability, lucid, witty, and incisive, powerful as a dialectician, and very dangerous as an enemy. She was not a politician who could be everything to everybody. She never spared an opponent even if he was lying on the ground, and she too had a thorough detestation of the 'compromisemongers,' as she used to call the Kautsky 'gang.' She, too, was many times in prison on charges of treasonable propaganda and *lèse-majesté*, but, as she once said, she rather liked being in prison, where she could rest from political agitation and read and write.

She was a Russian Pole by birth, but she married fictitiously a German in order to acquire German citizenship and be able to work in Germany, while being *de facto* the wife of a Polish revolutionist. She, too, stood on the left wing of the party, opposing its opportunist policy long before the war. She also took a leading part in the revolutionary movement in Russian Poland, and was the founder of Polish Social Democracy. It will be remembered that a brother of hers, a business man in England, some years ago went to Odessa and was arrested for the sins of his sister. He regained his liberty through the good offices of our Foreign Office.

BRITAIN AIDS VIENNA

No more pleasing and graceful incident has occurred in this war than the gift of food by the British Army in Italy to the starving people of Vienna. The food was given by the British soldiers out of their rations, and the special train entered Vienna

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with an escort of one hundred men of the Second Warwickshires. The escort marched through the streets, headed by their officers and band to the Rathaus, where Major Bethell told the Burgomaster that the gift was made in recognition of the way in which the Austrians had treated their prisoners compared with the barbarity of the Germans. There was a touch of chivalry about this, recalling the days when wars were fought by professional armies who were proud of their calling and its honor. There are men in England to-day whose foreheads have been branded by the Germans with a German eagle, or 'Gott strafe England.' But it is not these poor men whom the Germans have branded — science will come to their aid — but their own good name with indelible infamy.

DR. JOHNSON AND THE AIR RAIDS

To the Editor of the Daily Telegraph:

SIR: I wonder how many even of the most fervent admirers of Doctor Johnson recall the fact that he had not only a very clear appreciation of the factors necessary to successful aviation, but a truly remarkable pre-vision of the use which might be made of it by a brutal and unscrupulous enemy? Indeed, there is one passage in his writings which, read in the light of the happenings of the last four years, may be regarded as a piece of the most accurate prophecy.

It occurs in *Rasselas*, a book written, it may be recalled, hurriedly in 1759 in order to raise the money to pay for his mother's burial. As much of the story as is necessary can be told in a few words. Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia, engaged in the search for some means of escape from the peaceful monotony of the Happy Valley into the wide world beyond, makes the acquaintance of an artificer, who confides to him his intention of devising means to fly, believing that 'We are only to proportion our power of resistance to the different density of the matter through which we are to pass You will be necessarily upborne by the air if you renew any impulse upon it faster than the air can recede from the pressure.' Finding 'the folding continuity of the bat's wings most easily accommodated to the human form,' he decides to adopt them as his model, and enjoins upon the Prince the strictest secrecy regarding his project. The protest of Rasselas that such skill should be exercised for universal good provokes the artificer to the following prophetic utterance:

'If men were all virtuous, I should with great alacrity teach them to fly. But what would be the security of the good if the bad could at pleasure invade them from the sky? Against an army sailing through the clouds, neither walls, mountains, nor seas could afford security. A flight of northern savages might hover in the wind and light with irresistible violence upon the capital of a fruitful region. Even this valley, the retreat of princes, the abode of happiness, might be violated by the sudden descent of some of the naked nations that swarm on the coast of the southern sea.'

Happily, the violence with which the 'flight of northern savages' has on many occasions attacked our capital has not proved altogether irresistible. But the foresight with which Doctor Johnson endowed his artificer was uncannily sure.

Yours, etc.,

Highgate, N. R.

AN ELECTION STORY

A LABOR candidate was asked his views on the payment of a German indemnity. He explained that it could not be paid in gold, and that it would not be to the constituency's interest to have it paid in linen goods (there is a local linen factory) or in ships (there is hope of a local shipyard). 'An' we'll no hae it in fush!' added a fisherman's voice from the back of the hall.

A CONSUL BAFFLES THE BOLSHEVIKI

IN a *White Paper* just issued by the Foreign Office, Mr. O. Wardrop, who was Consul-General at Moscow, describes how an armed party of Bolsheviki who had orders to raid the consulate were kept at bay while he destroyed all confidential documents.

Vice-Consuls Lowdon and Whishaw [says Mr. Wardrop] with coolness and skill kept the invaders in parley till I had personally in my bed-room carried the work of destruction to such a point, before the threat of

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violence had actually become effective, that I was at last able to appear in my sitting-room, half dressed, knowing that there was little probability of any fragments of the burning paper being legible. I still, however, continued to engage the guards in conversation till I felt certain the holocaust was perfected.

Meanwhile clouds of heavy, acrid, poisonous smoke were pouring from the window and through the door. The men on watch outside at last succeeded in attracting the attention of those who were in my company. The latter demanded the immediate opening of the door, and exhibited their revolvers to enforce the demand.

The door was, however, locked, and the key had been quietly passed to one of the staff, who was not immediately found. When at last the door was opened the fumes were so thick that my bed-room could only be entered, even with the protection of wet cloths over the nose and mouth, at the risk of asphyxiation, and my Bolshevik visitors preferred to leave the apartment incompletely examined, and obtain no close view of the capacious fireplace.

When they finally left, I broke the charred fragments very thoroughly, and, to the best of my belief, there is not now in the building a single scrap of paper of a strictly confidential kind.

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

Professor M. J. Bonn, publicist and student of international affairs, has long been a champion of the Liberal cause.

* * *

Sir Horace Plunkett is, without question, the leading authority on Irish matters. He was chairman of the Irish Convention, held last year.

* * *

G. K. Chesterton has taken over the editorship of the *New Witness*, left vacant by the death of his brother, Cecil.

* * *

The name of **Laurence Binyon,** poet and critic, is too well-known to Americans to require much comment. Mr. Binyon has recently published a distinguished book on the work of the British Relief Associations attached to the French army.

* * *

W. H. Hudson, author of many essays and novels of the greatest charm, is likewise no stranger on this side of the Atlantic. His most recent book is *Far Away and Long Ago.*

* * *

Hermann Krätzig, author of the article reprinted from the *Konfectionär*, is Vice-President of the Imperial Office for Textile Economy.

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DEATH

BY NORA BOMFORD

'I like to know that when I'm dead
Each bit of me
Will live again in many different things.
Not as dull dust for other feet to tread
Unknowingly,
But obvious life — the power of bat's wings,
The eyes of squirrels and the breath of herds.
I like to think
The grass that from each hidden eyelid springs
Shall hold the dew for powdered moths to clinch,
And line a nest for little unborn birds.'

HIGHLAND NIGHT
1715—1815—1915

BY ISABEL WESTCOTT HARPER

O turn ye homeward in the night-tide dusk!
Return, O lad, across the watery dark.
The wind is eerie, and the sea growls low,
And voices mutter in the caves. O hark!
The sea-bird hath her mate, but none I know.

All day the gulls are crying round the rocks,
And spray is leaping white against their face;
The child is shouting, and the wind is sweet;
Above our heads the flying cloudlets race,
Where we are on the hillside cutting peat.

The sun glints on the waves. I have no fear;
My heart is filled with ancient battle songs;
But when the winter seas are crying loud,
Phantoms of eld, and marching faery throngs,
From strange old tales into my fancy crowd.

They hold before my eyes a bloody plaid —
A wail of warning hurries down the gust,
The door blows open, and the baby cries,
And dark-red drops are trickling in the dust.
Kneeling I fall and cover up my eyes.

O turn ye homeward in the night-tide dusk!
The door stands open, and the sea growls low.
Ah, lad, my candle shines across the night.
The sea-bird hath her mate, but none I know;
Turn ye to me before the morning light.

Chambers's Journal

VOLUNTARY

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Here in the quiet eve
My thankful eyes receive
The quiet light.
I see the trees stand fair
Against the faded air,
And star by star prepare
The perfect night.

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